

The TATLER

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London, June 17, 1931

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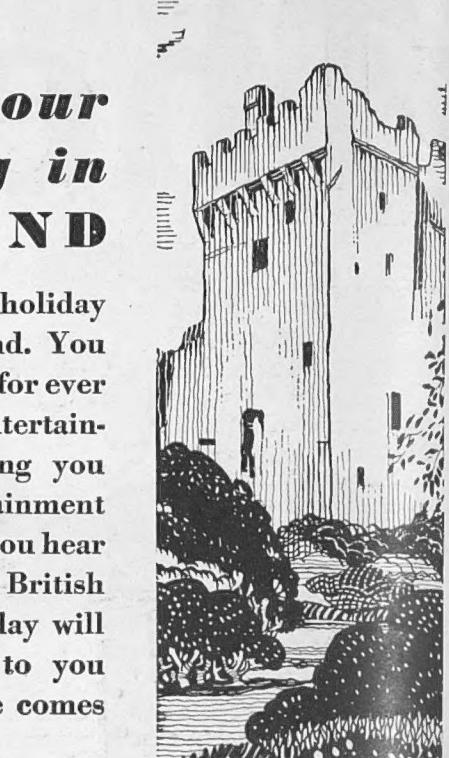
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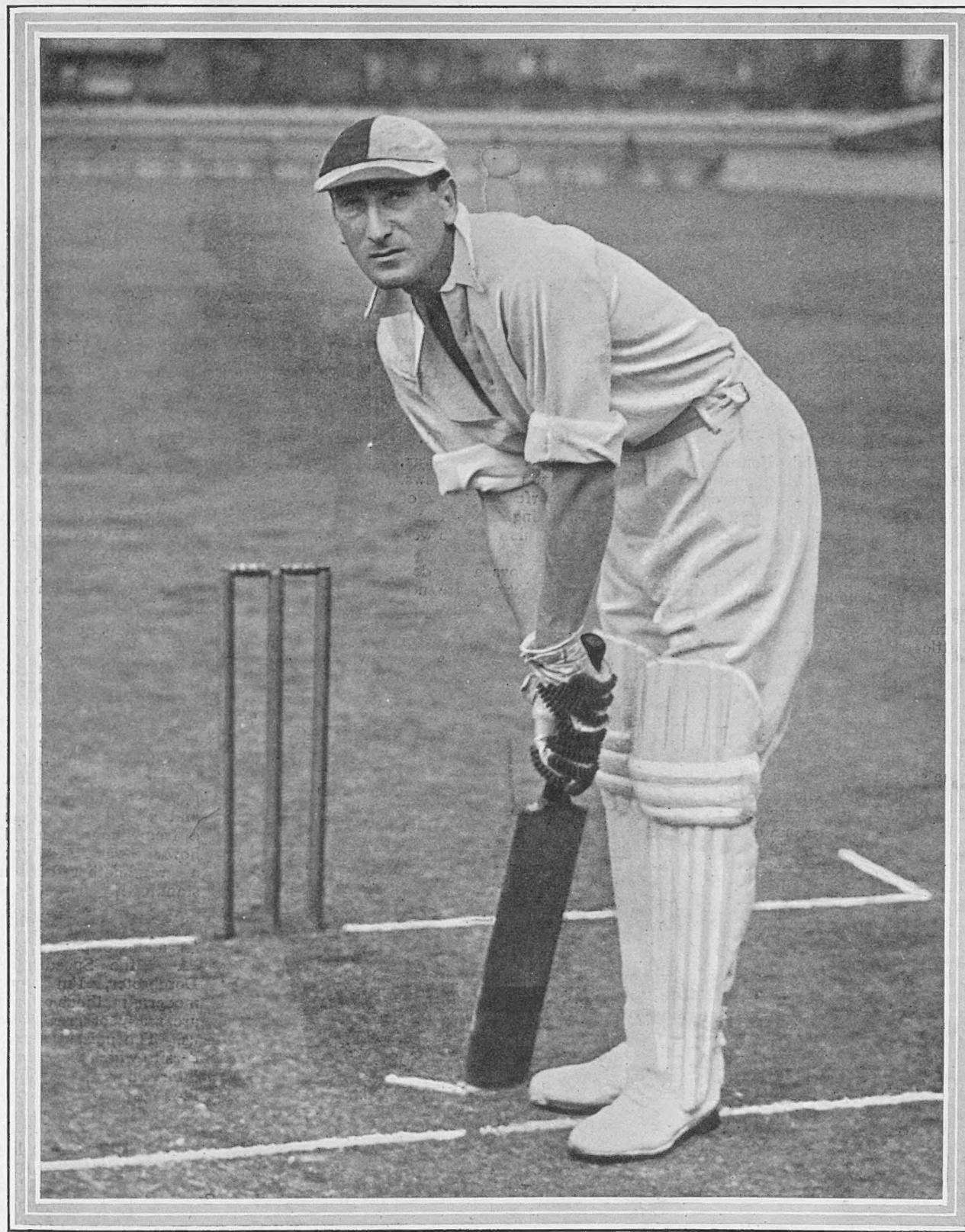


Vol. CXX. No. 1564.

London, June 17, 1931

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ENGLAND'S NEW CRICKET CAPTAIN: MR. D. R. JARDINE

The probability of Mr. D. R. Jardine's selection to be England's new Test Captain has been a more or less open cricket secret for some time past, and his acceptance has given all-round satisfaction. He takes the floor first v. New Zealand at Lord's on the 27th (Mr. Buchan permitting). The short story of his cricket life is Winchester, Oxford, Surrey, England, and for the latter a great record in Australia in 1928—three centuries in his first three matches. He was also a tennis blue and a good footballer. It is probable that the rest of the England team will be picked from K. S. Duleepsinhji, Sutcliffe, Hammond, Leyland, Bakewell or Arnold, Ames, Larwood, G. O. Allen, R. W. V. Robbins, Voce or Tate, I. A. R. Peebles, and Verity

The Letters of Eve



A HOUSE-WARMING AT PRINCE'S GATE

One of the supper-tables at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's house-warming party at her new abode at Prince's Gate. Included in the picture, left to right, are: Mrs. Sydney Clarke, Mr. Patrick Byrne, Mr. Fleming, Lady Alexander, Lady Melchett, and Lord Melchett

Sasha



AND ALSO: MR. PETER COATES AND THE HON. NANCY MITFORD

Sasha

Two more of the people who were at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's pleasant party at her new house. The Hon. Nancy Mitford is one of Lord and Lady Redesdale's daughters

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

POOF! What a week! Four dances, five cocktail parties, two operas, a reception at the Athenaeum (my dear, the highest possible brows, as you may imagine, but more of this anon). A perfect plethora of lunches and dinners, and a couple of trips to Hurlingham! These are a few of the things I've done, and by the time you get this we'll be well away at Ascot.

Do you suppose that anyone except the fledgling really enjoys a London Season? After "galloping off in all directions" the destinations are not always worth the journey. Now we've taken to having earthquakes in this little island, even our few hours of sleep are full of activity, though, truth to tell, your Eve was still out and about at tremor time.

Buckingham Palace, of course, provides the really worth-whileness of the summer season, but I do wonder that no one has thought of giving a Mall party to enliven the devastating tedium of the long preliminary wait. What about a perambulating cocktail bar on the "stop me and have one" principle? Then why not board over the fountain and let Douglas Byng loose on it? But no, I forgot the sweet young débutantes.

* * *

You'd think, wouldn't you, that at this period of the Season people's inclination to dance all night would have worn a bit thin. Particularly as rumour hath it that the young man (speaking of them collectively like game) is a bit difficult to come by for private "dos." Anyhow they must have got wind of the extra "good thing" which Sir Abe and Lady Bailey had prepared for them in Bryanston Square, for all the elegant people to be found in London were there.

Champagne flowed and caviar progressed down willing throats. Fine pictures hung on the walls

Sasha
BARON GEORG FRANKENSTEIN AND MISS HENEKY

Who were also at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's house-warming at Prince's Gate. Baron Franckenstein has been the Austrian Ambassador to London since 1920. He has held several portfolios before—Washington, Rome, Tokio, and elsewhere

and mobile ones of dancing debbs. were on the floor; for all came dolled up in their best, and decorations adorned those old, clever, and brave enough to have them.

Prince Arthur of Connaught was the lion of the evening, and Lady Oxford caused an amusing stir by polkaing so hard that her long diamond ear-ring lost grip and skidded along the floor at a tremendous pace. It showed how she was moving, not bad for a grandmother of some years' standing!

* * *

Talking of pace, after surviving the Speed Ball at the Dorchester, I'm wondering if modern methods of getting about are really of great advantage to us. The noises of racing motor cars to which we were treated at intervals were too much like real life; then there were acrobats and roller skaters who took my breath away—and your poor friend hadn't much left by then in any case.

On the credit side were the young and lovelies who took part in the "speed dance." Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton of the most waspish waist, Lady Bridgett Poulett, and Miss Margaret Whigham, who still has the perfect "close-up complexion" as film fans say, in spite of being

up and doing all day and night. These wore the uniform of the dance, different coloured taffeta dresses, and held great, big, bee-ootiful balloons.

Kathleen Lady Drogheda had done all the arranging, and was helped by her son and daughter, two very personable people. Mrs. David Tennant, not to be out-done by the beard her husband grew in Greece, acquired a mahogany tan which made us all look like rhubarb that has only just been let out.

Mrs. Richard Norton's face takes a lot of beating. I'm rather tired of white satin, but must say hers looked ripping. Lady Xandra Haig hasn't been in London much this Season, but was there all right that night.

* * *

Why do people at the Opera so often look like animals in captivity? There is no answer, so don't bother to think of one. Though I'm not sure that the shaggy manes of those busy hair restoring haven't something to do with it. As they prowl about the foyer, men and women look a bit anxious —p'raps they have reason, for more than one chignon has been known to come adrift. Anyhow, music soothes savage breasts, so maybe it's a good job some of these people come to Covent Garden.

The night the King and Queen went to hear *La Forza del Destino* they only arrived in time for the second act, and crept in when the lights had been turned down. So no one saw them



AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE SPORTS IN CHELSEA BARRACKS

Mr. M. D. Erskine, Mrs. Taylor, and Lord Gough at these sports last week. Some other snapshots appear on p. xvi. Lord Gough commands the 1st Battalion Irish Guards, and Mr. M. D. Erskine is in the Scots Guards

come and we had no patriotic outburst. I must say I do like a "scene" when royalties arrive, though it must be a bore for them having to deal with it.

King Alfonso was there, too, but not in the Royal box. Poor man, it is a depressing time for him, and even Lady Oxford's attempts to cheer him up in the interval were unsuccessful. She was in Mr. Sam Courtauld's box, and as lively as ever. I also saw the Aga Khan and his wife, and people were saying how sorry they were he hadn't won the Derby—probably more for their own sakes than his.

* * *

I love old beams, don't you? I didn't say old beans, stupid; but was trying to tell you about the jolliest dance given by the Cecil



Sasha

AT MRS. WOOLLEY-HART'S PARTY: MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH AND "ROSITA FORBES"

Some other pictures of this party are on the preceding page. Rosita Forbes, who is Mrs. A. T. McGrath, in her private capacity, is the adventurous lady traveller and author, whose experiences in strange parts of the world are quite unique

Wills' in their lovely old Queen Anne home near Basingstoke. Sickening for them that the night was wet, for they'd lit fairy lights all over the garden, but not having brought our waders, walking was "off." Just as well, perhaps, for there is a real moat waiting to swallow you up should you leave the narrow path (purely metaphorical, my dear!).

Anyhow, to return to the beams. Sherfield Court is an old farm house, which was brought to its present state of grace by Lord Gerald Wellesley. He is an architect, and a good one too. Having lived in the house himself, its comfort left nothing to be desired.

Such, at any rate, was the opinion of the house party. Ivy St. Helier was a member of it, and also formed the cabaret. You know how clever she is, but to see her as Gladys Cooper, Seymour Hicks, and Maurice Chevalier in turn was extra good value. All the same she is best as herself, I think.

* * *

Lady Douro came from Strathfieldsaye, which is, of course, the place given to the Iron Duke by a grateful nation. The present Duke of Wellington handed it over to his son, who has a passion for shooting and does it as often as he can.

Prince and Princess Galitzine were there too, a few admirals, and all sorts of big and lesser wigs from the surrounding countryside.

Lady Fripp brought a daughter. Her late husband, Sir Alfred, was of course the super-charged highly original froth-blower. What a pity that amiable fraternity has been disbanded, for I believe it did a lot of good to many not otherwise interested in beer.

* * *

Going to the Athenaeum was rather thrilling, seeing as how women are

(Continued overleaf)

d 2



AT THE DRYMEN SHOW, STIRLING

Captain William Joynson and the Duke and Duchess of Montrose. The Duke is President of the Strathendrick Agricultural Association and their show was held in dripping weather at Drymen Bridge —curiously enough! Captain Joynson is a cousin of Lord Brentford

THE LETTERS OF EVE

—continued

only allowed within its sacred portals once in the bluest possible moon. Michael Faraday was the cause of our admission. If you're well educated you'll remember that a hundred years ago he discovered how to make electricity, and he was the club's first secretary; so now you'll see what it was all about.

After being hand-in-glove with Lord and Lady Warrington and Sir Frederick and Lady Maurice (Sir Frederick has crinkly white hair and a quite delightful face) I did some rubber-necking. The house is most impressive, vast, and practically papered with books. The hall alone would house a regiment, and the enormous staircase (where Dickens and Thackeray made up their famous quarrel) seems to go on for ever.

In due course Sir William Bragg lectured on "The Work of Faraday," illustrating it with the experiments made by his brother scientist in 1831. A bit above my form, of course, but rather entralling.

* * * * *

Naturally, noted faces were everywhere, for no one can become a member of the Athenaeum without having done something to deserve the honour. There were lots of bishops, including the Bishop of Birmingham, and dear old Bishop Talbot, who looked the perfect patriarch with his white beard and crimson robes.

Music, art, and medicine were represented respectively by Sir Hugh Allen, Sir Reginald Blomfield, and Lord Dawson of Penn, and Mr. Laurence Binyon brought a very pretty daughter who was with him in Madrid when the Spanish Republic burst into view. You've read his lovely poems, of course, but did you know that he is also an authority on Chinese art, and lives at the British Museum?

* * * * *

Forty-four, Queen's Gate, is undoubtedly a nice house, but if Lady Perrott's circle of friends and relations extends much further she will either have to add a wing to it, or purchase the next door habitation as well. The crush at her dance was only equalled by the stampede at her elder daughter's wedding a week or two ago. The fact that everyone knew everyone else, and was anxious to say so in the middle of the staircase added to the congestion. At one moment Lady Chamberlain was so well wedged into a corner that only her lips could move.

In spite of having been a main-stay of the Caledonian Ball a few hours previously, Lady Bute was in capital dancing fettle, and even persuaded Lord Glasgow to have a dart. She brought a huge party which included her smiling niece, Miss Constance Bellingham, Sir Stephen Bull, Lord Dormer, and Miss Tye MacRae, with whose name rumour has been very busy just lately. Lady Tiverton had come on from curtseying to Their Majesties, and she and her tiara looked magnificent.

Even in a crowd Miss Jessamine Gordon is easily visible to the naked eye, for Lord Aberdeen's granddaughter is much nearer the ceiling than most people. Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, back from Budapest, was greeted with loud cries of "How are you?" to which she replied gloomily, "I'm going."

One young damsel at this dance, whom many people consider to be the



AT NEWBURY: MAJOR AND MRS. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON

On the day Salmon Leap brought the money home in the Newbury Summer Cup, much to general satisfaction, as he was a good favourite. Major Stapleton-Bretherton served with the Yeomanry cavalry both in South Africa and the Great War, and was part of the time on Lord Rawlinson's staff

this week (what enterprise!), then went and had a swim and found Princess Mary's elder son making good progress in this exercise.

By now cocktail and/or sherry time was approaching, and after seeing a few dozens of Miss MacRae's guests arrive I moved on to Upper Brook Street, where Miss Del Ismay and Miss Myra Manningham-Buller had combined to entertain their friends. To quote P. G. Wodehouse, "the browsing and sluicing" were excellent.

Mr. Tommy Burns was torn between a desire to view his sister Court-bound in the Mall and to remain with the caviare sandwiches. I left before he'd made up his mind, as I wasn't going to miss the gathering collected by Miss Rachel Wray (alias "the Lamb") at Grosvenor House. Here I found Mr. Denis Stucley amongst others. He, you know, gave that now famous Bray party which created such a stir not long ago.

To finish the day there was Mrs. Thomas Loyd's ball, where cushions all down the staircase suggested that someone had remembered George Graves' advice, "Never put a warm baby on the cold marble." A jolly good dance.—Yours, EVE.

P.S.—I wonder what truth there is in the latest *on dit* that engagement celebrations of enormous import are likely soon to take place at a certain very stately home in Sussex.



ON THE SPEY: SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY GORDON-CUMMING

Sutherland
With a 13-pounder killed at Altyre on the Laggan Water. Sir Alexander Gordon-Cumming was formerly in the Cameron Highlanders and served with them all through the war and retired in 1929. Lady Gordon-Cumming was formerly Miss Elizabeth Richardson

star débutante, stayed late enough to arouse parental wrath. As a result she has been ordered to bed at midnight for the rest of the season.

* * * * *

Wednesday was a very busy day. In the morning I went to the Bloomsbury Gallery, and this new notion they have there should go down well. Why not change your pictures to suit the mood, mode, and money of the moment is their idea. To this end an exhibition is being held, any of the ingredients of which may be hired for three months and subsequently returned if found disagreeable to live with. If you ardently desire it you can buy in instalments. I should certainly choose a charming "Fontainebleau," by Roger Fry, but there are lots of alternatives, including an Epstein drawing.

Boris Smirnoff had a show there not long ago. He is an engaging young Russian, who so far has specialized mainly in bull-fights and nudes, though a few portraits were on view too. I hear he invited one of this year's loveliest buds to sit to him in Battersea, but her mother refused permission, though whether the objection was regional or racial has not been discovered.

* * * * *

My next parking place was the International Sportsmen's Club, where I had an admirable lunch. Various members of the Coke family were there, and Lady Coke's sister, Mrs. Brassey, also Lady Airlie and Lady Robert Manners, who was selling Alexandra Day roses at top speed. I took a look at Mrs. Fred Cripp's Beauty Parlour, which opens there

this week (what enterprise!), then went and had a swim and found Princess Mary's elder son making good progress in this exercise.

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P.S.—I wonder what truth there is in the latest *on dit* that engagement celebrations of enormous import are likely soon to take place at a certain very stately home in Sussex.

A Correction.

In our issue of June 10 we published a picture which was described as being of Mr. Harry Ussher and his daughter. The lady in question is Mr. Ussher's niece, and not his daughter. We wish to express our regret to all parties concerned for any annoyance or inconvenience which may have been caused by the error.

*Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

**MAJOR-GENERAL THE EARL OF ATHLONE, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE**

The first official portrait taken since their return from South Africa, where the Earl of Athlone was Governor-General and Commissioner-in-Chief of the Union of South Africa, also High Commissioner for South Africa from 1923, and again from 1929 when he was re-appointed. Lord Athlone was created a Privy Councillor in the King's Birthday Honours. He is the third son of T.H. the late Duke and Duchess of Teck and the only surviving brother of Her Majesty the Queen. H.R.H. Princess Alice is a daughter of T.R.H. the late Duke and Duchess of Albany. South Africa was extremely sorry to lose its Governor-General and his wife; for, other things quite apart, their personal popularity was great

The Cinema : A Really Great Film

By JAMES AGATE

THREE is a good old Yorkshire saying to the effect that there are trimmings for all sorts of cloth and buttons for fustian. The other afternoon I saw one of the grandest films, possibly the grandest film, I have ever witnessed. This film was so good that it did not put M. René Clair in his place because one work of art cannot have any effect upon another. Thus nothing that Strauss can write can affect the position of Wagner, while Beethoven remains indifferent to both. The film in question, the name of which the reader will discover if he continue to peruse this article, cannot in any way affect M. René Clair, who remains exactly where he was and very deliciously in his place. But it does show that there are things of a scope and a size, nay of an immensity, which M. Clair, being a Frenchman, cannot, and wisely does not, attempt. French genius has always run to perfecting the little rather than to measuring itself against the overwhelming; they have been Napoleonic in one thing only, and Napoleon was not a Frenchman. Or only French in the sense in which somebody living in Lundy or Lindisfarne or Puffin Island might be considered English. If any reader does not know where this last place is he was not taken to Llanfairfechan for his holidays, and therefore cannot have been properly brought up. The French have produced the best of the world's little painters, but despite their Delaroche and Delacroix, and giving them Poussin and Claude, they have had no big painters in the sense that Italy understands that word. In music the same genius for perfection and nothing more has always held. Chopin was a Pole and César Franck a Belgian, which leaves us pretty well at the mercy of Debussy. There is no French symphony within measurable distance of Beethoven, and anybody who has lived in a French provincial town, as I once did for four years, must have nauseating recollections of what French opera is like. *Manon* and that drivelling, snivelling *Werther* — *c'est tout dire*, but not *tout pardonner!* There is, of course, that enormous mass of French paste, which is Gounod's *Faust*, but the one and only authentic jewel in the French operatic crown is *Carmen*. Does anybody whisper Charpentier and shout Berlioz? Well, Berlioz shouted so loud that his present generation couldn't hear him, and perhaps this earth will never be the place for listening to one whose orchestra, to be complete, calls for the last trump. In literature we have the same story all over again. After *Lear* and *Macbeth*, not to mention *Hamlet*, it is impossible to take seriously the Andromagues and the Chimènes of Messrs. Racine and Corneille. Nor is anybody who has once heard the organ-roll of Milton going to pay much attention to the harmonium of M. Lamartine. At this point there arises the giant name of Balzac, who in my view could put any three English novelists, except Dickens, in his pocket. But then Balzac had about as much humour as Victor Hugo, and this keeps both of them out of the really first-class. And now I find myself getting into a difficulty because the fact that Dickens had nothing except humour also removes him from the first-class. So I shall drop the whole subject, first assuring indignant pedagogues that my survey of European art from Wapping to Vienna is not

intended to be exhaustive. It will, however, have served its purpose if it persuades the reader that *Earth*, the great Russian film exhibited last week at the little Academy cinema in Oxford Street, is of a kind which no Frenchman could ever attempt.

The story of *Earth* has something to do, though I am not quite clear what, with the Bolshevik introduction of tractors to Russian soil. There are no gun-men, no semi-naked and half-caste houris dancing for the delectation of golden-haired plentifully intoxicated Swedish sailors in Malay brothels, no Greta Garbos or Marlene Dietrichs or even Tallulah Bankheads remaining ladies at heart despite considerable tarnishing of that indifferent thing, the body, no raptures and no rapes, no hand-to-hand fights, no sign of Mr. George Bancroft or his Russian equivalent burying his teeth in the hairy bosom of Mr. Wallace Beery disguised as a moujik, no palaces, minarets, or cupolas, no bubblings of camels or samovars, no hint of sadistic Grand Dukes pursuing up and down steppes and with gold-handled knouts feminine tenantry arriving at the age of knowing what ought not to be what. In fact, there is nothing in *Earth* to appeal to the young man who behind some glove counter has spent the day living up to the precepts and maxims of those admirable writers, Callisthenes. Nor is there anything to appeal to that typist who, having made antic hay of her employer's punctuation and played even dirtier tricks with his sense, now sallies forth with a complexion the colour of a bilious peach, and her eyebrows north-west and north-east.

Earth is a picture for film-goers who are prepared to take their cinema as seriously as Tolstoy took the novel. It has been written and directed by Alexander Dovzhenko. Pictorially, and from the point of view of production, it is far and away the best film I have ever seen, since there are scores of shots in it of which the greatest living masters of the art of painting might be proud. There is one shot where nothing is to be seen except the low earth, a great world of sky, and one little,

little figure of a man running, be not more than an inch high, or of the entire screen. Yet you feel that here is Cain running away from the murder of Abel. There are compositions, too, which might be Picasso, or Cézanne, or John. In fact the effect of the picture on me has been so great that if for the next ten days anybody mentions to me David Wark Griffith, King Vidor, and Cecil B. de Mille I shall merely laugh! This picture was at this little theatre for one week only, and it is only an item in the policy of the management to present only extraordinary if not unique films. This theatre is showing for the week in which these notes appear *Crainqueville*, adapted from Anatole France's work, and next week there is another Russian film called *Turksib*, having to do with the making of a Siberian railway, which is said to be better than *Earth*. Frankly, I do not believe this, since in my view nothing could be finer. I say without any hesitation whatever that the effect on the mind of this film is similar in kind to that produced by a great play, a great novel, a great poem, or a great painting. *Earth* is silent and has the glorious accompaniment of Russian music.



MISS MARION DAVIES IN "IT'S A WISE CHILD"

This film, which is based on Laurence E. Johnson's book, is to be seen more or less soon at our Empire Theatre. The author did his own adaptation and expressed the opinion that Marion Davies, who is now in London, was the one actress for his heroine

little figure of a man running. Yet you feel that here is Cain running away from the murder of Abel. There are compositions, too, which might be Picasso, or Cézanne, or John. In fact the effect of the picture on me has been so great that if for the next ten days anybody mentions to me David Wark Griffith, King Vidor, and Cecil B. de Mille I shall merely laugh! This picture was at this little theatre for one week only, and it is only an item in the policy of the management to present only extraordinary if not unique films. This theatre is showing for the week in which these notes appear *Crainqueville*, adapted from Anatole France's work, and next week there is another Russian film called *Turksib*, having to do with the making of a Siberian railway, which is said to be better than *Earth*. Frankly, I do not believe this, since in my view nothing could be finer. I say without any hesitation whatever that the effect on the mind of this film is similar in kind to that produced by a great play, a great novel, a great poem, or a great painting. *Earth* is silent and has the glorious accompaniment of Russian music.

PRINCESS VON BISMARCK *Lafayette**Kinn*

NOTABILITIES

Enchantingly pretty, Princess von Bismarck was one of the many members of the Diplomatic circle invited by their Majesties to attend the fourth Court. Lady Devitt, who was presented on her marriage, is the wife of Sir Thomas Devitt, the International Rugby player

LADY DEVITT *Lafayette*

WITH LORD AND LADY SACKVILLE · MISS CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER AT KNOLE

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, the clever American, who has been giving such an admirable series of matinées at the St. James's Theatre, went down to lovely Knole on Monday, and presented all her most brilliant character sketches for the ultimate benefit of the Sevenoaks and Holmesdale Hospital. The Great Hall at Lord and Lady Sackville's historic home was packed with an applauding multitude. The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars have been hospitable hosts while in camp at Shotover. Lady de Clifford, formerly Miss Dorothy Meyrick, is both attractive and charming. She and her husband live at Coombe House, near Uley

*Dennis Moss*

LORD AND LADY DE CLIFFORD, MR. R. R. S. HARVEY, AND MRS. HENRY STOCK AT THE GLOUCESTER YEOMANRY CAMP

RACING RAGOUT : By "GUARDRAIL"

THE Coronation Cup was not the most difficult of races to size up, the favourite, Parenthesis, being the only genuine class horse who got the trip, for Rustom Pasha, even if he gets the distance, cannot come under the heading of genuine. The MacNab made the running in this for a mile, and should pay to follow at Ascot.

The Golden Hair colt from Manton, which ran in the Surrey Foal Plate, must have soft going, and it is a mystery why he should have been sent to run on the Epsom asphalt. John Silver won for Mr. Steele, who is selling all his horses and going out of racing for the present, a great pity as no owner races on better lines. He has unfortunately had the most exasperating series of seconds in every big race he has contested, and his sale will give the "chance of a night-time" to anyone to buy genuine and consistent horses.

The Oaks was won by the really nice French filly, Brulette, belonging to Colonel Birkin, who having tried in vain to win a big race over here for so long refused a large offer for her the day before the race. The race seemed to be run at a muddling pace which suited Four Course, who would have won had not the French filly been allowed to come through on the rails. Four Course is the most charming quality filly in training, and is unlikely to be beaten by one of her own age and sex this year.

One of the surprises of the meeting was the price at which Lady Ludlow's Greenore was allowed to start in the Surrey Foal Plate. One amateur professional backer suffers from the disability of a lame leg, either caused by, or cultivated for, his frenzied diagonal rushes across the steep slope of the members' from the top of the rails to some less well-informed bookmaker lower down. Smoking one of his famous python cigars (the sort that slough their outer skin on the first feeling of warmth) near the top of the rails, and hearing the favourite was no odds-on chance, he was across the diagonal at a speed which would have made that other Epsom specialist, K. Gethin, look like a plater, to get 3 to 1 to his money.

Just at the most important moment for "ladies' day," the paddock inspection before the Oaks for which modistes and hair-setters had been working overtime, the storm broke and rain came down in stair-rods. Down the road at the back of the stand a muddy river, carrying orange peel and whelk shells on its bosom, foamed its way to the paddock. After a slight let-up for the big race it came down with redoubled fury, and The Cheerful Abbott in the Chipstead Handicap made the best of his way back to a dry box, almost unseen and certainly unrecognisable. So bad did the going become on the lower side of the course

that the Belmont Handicap was won by Lady Ludlow's Quadrel, drawn 13 on the top side of the course, an almost unheard-of thing at Epsom, but due to the water having run off it and leaving it the only part fit to race on. In these depressing climatic circumstances we were denied the pleasure of seeing and writing up the doubtless many beautiful toilettes, but we cannot pass over the new tall grey tubular hat balanced on the head in the fashion of a football on a sea-lion's nose by one who is always described as London's most handsome eligible bachelor. On the whole the meeting must have been of the very blackest for bookmakers, their only rays being that one gentleman who on the first three days had won enough to keep a working-class family for a century did the whole lot in on the last, presumably in the hopes of putting the entire ring out of action for the benefit of the tote.

Kempton did no one much good and a good many a lot of harm. Sir William Cooke, who does not win many races these days, seems annually to come to the rescue of the book-makers by beating the hot favourite in the opening selling race at this meeting, and the big two-year-old race generally produces a "hot" dark one or two. In this case Taj Kasra, belonging to the Aga Khan, won from Mr. Morriss's Crumpets, with Thorndean only third. The latter is just a sharp little filly, but the other two look more like class horses. Crumpets is rather small but well-turned and like his sire Manna. Taj Kasra has a great raking stride, has more scope, and is very likely the best, if not the best, we have so far seen out.

Lewes on Monday and Tuesday was rather a different class affair, and though we are grateful for the privilege of temporary membership, £4 9s. seems rather much to pay for watching

for two days the speed trials of animals in many cases hardly worth that amount, especially when one compares it with £3 for three days at York. The jockeys on some of the animals must have shared the sensation of the nobleman who was found the other day in a stationary car with the engine going full bore under the impression that he was driving at a terrific speed.

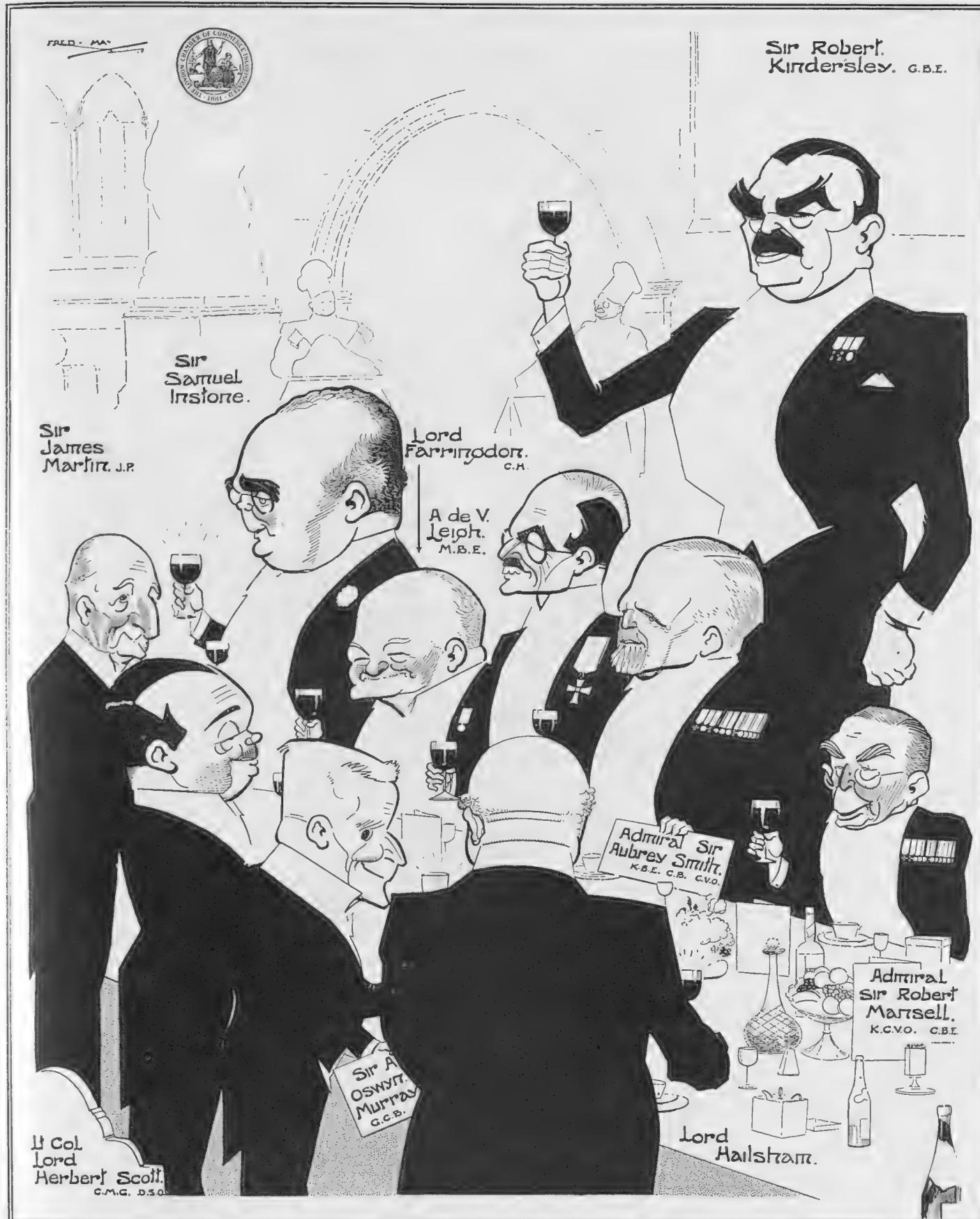
The new totalizer seemed to do its fair share of trade, and the paddock and appointments of the course have been very much improved. At the same time it is the little things that count and make for efficiency, and it would seem to be an oversight to have nothing but ham sandwiches for sale in the bar of a race-course in such close proximity to Brighton.

The "bumpers" races, which usually provide such good betting chances, were no exception, and a new recruit has joined the ranks of amateur riders who will probably show that the "cosh" is mightier than the pen.



THE BUSIEST MAN OF THE MOMENT: LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR GORDON CARTER
The famous Clerk of the Course, whose position is well illustrated by "The Tout's" excellent picture. Everyone will wish Sir Gordon Carter (and Ascot) better luck than last year when a deluge ruined the racing

THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE JUBILEE DINNER



AMONGST THOSE AT THE GUILDHALL—BY FRED MAY

Lieut.-Colonel Lord Herbert Scott, President of the Chamber, took the chair at this notable gathering—the Jubilee Banquet of the London Chamber of Commerce at the Guildhall. Lord Herbert Scott is a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, and has been President of the Chamber since 1928, and he is a director of some prominent concerns including Rolls-Royce, Ltd. He is on the Reserve of Officers Irish Guards, and commanded the 23rd City of London Regiment for part of the time during the War. H.R.H. Prince George was the guest of honour and responded to the loyal toasts. One of the speeches of the evening was made by Lord Hailsham in proposing the toast of "The Financial Supremacy of the City of London." It was a very memorable occasion in every kind of way

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

John Drinkwater on Carl Laemmle.

IT does seem a queer combination, doesn't it? A poet writing the life-story of an American film magnate! But why not? It is not considered queer to write the life-story of soldiers, statesmen, society beauties, politicians, and other glittering "fry" who intrinsically may have small psychological interest, rarely having risen, so to speak, from the ranks. So what could be more revealing than the story of a poor, obscure German Jew who alone and by his own abilities rose from poverty and obscurity to being one of the first leaders in what is the fourth largest industry in the modern world. There is poetry in such a struggle, providing the struggle is fought with clean hands and success has come about by sheer perseverance, honest dealing, and the magnetic force of an outstanding personality. And so Mr. John Drinkwater has written "The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle" (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), and given us a most interesting account of a man of uncommon worth, whose life contained at least one battle against almost overwhelming odds which, had it been the battle between armies, men killing each other by every foul means at their disposal, would have been considered fit subject for any poet. As it is, the story is the struggle of one man for liberty of action against the whole arrayed forces of a colossally wealthy, powerful, and unscrupulous trust. And the one man won! You may say that when Laemmle fought for years to break through the strangle-hold of the Film Trust he was fighting for himself. So he was. So does every successful man. But, almost more than for himself, he was fighting for the independence of the small trader, for freedom in business. His victory did as much for the common good as many a military campaign, retributive or otherwise. As such he is as worthy of his statue as any ferocious-looking politician on his pedestal. Mr. Drinkwater leads up to his account of this colossal struggle by one man against well-nigh overwhelming odds by giving us an account of the man who waged it while he was poor, unknown, merely a hard-working artizan fighting his way in a country which was not his own, and fighting it without influence, money, or any other weapon other than his own perseverance, honest dealing, and commercial vision—until to-day, when he is one of the film dictators in Hollywood, wealthy, powerful, and, strangest triumph of all, beloved and respected. It is a most interesting life-story, and Mr. Drinkwater has told it very ably. He paints the grim back-ground of American commercial life against which Carl Laemmle fought his way to success. He also gives us such an excellent character-study of the man himself that one would be as interested in his adventures had he merely finished off his career as a failure. As it turned out, however, Laemmle's success was the success of hard work, honesty—he is one of the few men in film-land whose word is his binding contract—and personality. While, if you cannot believe that the life and adventures of any film magnate could possibly be interesting—remembering the procession of trash which proceeds from Hollywood—read this book. It has little sentiment and

no sentimental romance in it, but it is fit subject for a poet's pen nevertheless, because it is the story of a clean fight with clean weapons, and just a modern and true version of a small Jack who really did "kill" giants.

Thoughts from "The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle."

"When we are told that youth wants to turn the old fogeys out, what is really happening is that some old fogey is trying to seduce youth into helping him to turn some other old fogey out."

"The minor psychologists of our time would have us believe that about goodness there is something drab and unattractive. To which the answer is that if it is that, it isn't good."

"If you tell the average intelligent boy of twenty-five that he is really the brains and the back-bone of the country, he will take you for a feather-wit; and you will fare not better with the average intelligent girl."

New York Through a Frenchman's Eyes.

The more I read about New York the more I would like to visit it; always providing, of course, that I had roughly a thousand pounds, metaphorically speaking, to throw up wildly into the air. Never having been there, however, I cannot tell if "New York" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), by Paul Morand, be an accurate picture. I can only say that it paints marvellously the kind of New York which I imagine New York to be—its haunting dynamic beauty, its intense psychological interest, its staggering contrast, its poverty, its wealth, its rush, restlessness, and roar, and its utterly exhausting quality. Nevertheless, a city to see at any age; a city to live in while young, a city to avoid living in any time after forty-five as from the plague. There may be another side to New York life, but I cannot imagine it, other than the existence of a hermit in a room on the top floor of the Woolworth building. That I fancy would be rather like living next door to Heaven with a blessed elevator to bring you occasionally down to earth. Not at all a paradise to be despised by anyone. To repeat, what I believe New York to be is brilliantly represented in this book. The pictures are all so vivid; from beginning to end it is all so interesting that if you have never been there, and are, as I, unlikely ever to go, the book will nevertheless give you a thrill. If you have already been there you will probably enjoy it best of all.



LIEUT.-COLONEL EUSTACE BLOIS

By Autori

Lieut.-Colonel Eustace Blois is the Director of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and had the distinction of being made a *Commendatore d'Italia* by Mussolini. Lieut.-Colonel Blois was formerly in the Rifle Brigade and is a kinsman of Sir Ralph Blois, Bt.

A Story in the Expert Manner.

In "Winter's Comedy" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), Miss Sylvia Thompson has chosen a plot so commonplace as to make her new novel little more than a bedizened chestnut. But of the bedizement there is no possible doubt whatever. The writing is expert to exhilaration. Light, amusing, witty, it more than makes one forgive a story which has no other human interest or suspense other than a mild curiosity on the part of the reader to know which of the two unfortunate men—Maurice, her husband, or Peter, her lover—will have Caroline by his side for

(Continued on p. 514)

EX-H'ASPIRATIN'!

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



Charlady: Please, mum, does the puddin' need 'eatin' for lunch?

Mistress: Eating—of course it needs eating, Mrs. Smith

Charlady: When I said 'eatin' I meant 'otting'!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the rest of his unfortunate life. Yet Caroline was a painter who painted quite good pictures. She didn't, however, seem to have more intelligence than the usual woman who trails herself through life entangling everybody, including herself, in sexual worries of the kind which are more tiresome than ennobling. Meanwhile, Maurice was a doctor who had given up a career devoted to scientific research for the sake of marrying Caroline and providing her with an income to supply present needs, and not merely posthumous fame as his relict. One could not, however, take Maurice's career any more seriously than one could take Peter's literary ambitions. Both men found Caroline's perpetual interruptions not the least handicap to their work; Peter, in fact, being able to finish difficult chapters while she trailed about the room, the eternal feminine fidget. In fact, the men in this novel are almost as unconvincing as their labours. The women, however, are different. Caroline, not knowing quite what she wanted, or whom, is a clever study in the more decorative aspects of futile discontent. An American woman, rich, good-time grabbing, amusing, is invariably good company. Caroline's mother, with scarcely one spiritual ecstasy beyond a perfectly designed menu, is a life-like study in the superficial decaying elegantly. But none of the characters, brilliantly as some of them are drawn, mean very much; neither does the story itself. But it is written like a very clever conversation—a conversation which consists almost entirely of people discussing themselves and each other, against a back-ground of pleasant luxury and complete freedom from anything approaching one ache or pain.

Mostly About Authors.

"Hear the Lions Roar" (Shaylor. 7s. 6d.), by Sewell Stokes, is a series of interviews with popular authors—such as G.B.S. (that rather overdone subject), the other G.B.S., Miss Stern; Noel Coward, Anita Loos, Elinor Glyn, A. A. Milne, St. John Ervine, Hugh Walpole (another subject verging upon the thread-bare), Susan Ertz, Henry Handel Richardson, Aldous Huxley, and Norah Hoult. Dramatists are represented by R. C. Sherriff and John van Druten; art by Dame Laura Knight; the stage by Charles Laughton; politics by Lady Astor; and the films by Jackie Coogan. All these names are of course "among others." They are not very profound interviews, being merely the result of "fixed appointments" for the most part. And, of course, everybody, especially "lions," has a prescribed manner for fixed appointments—not necessarily the one their friends would recognize without desiring to throw a brick. Nevertheless, the fixed-appointment-manner is part of the social equipment and as such has its small illuminating quality. It is this small illuminating quality which Sewell Stokes has seized upon to compile quite a readable book. The subjects of each interview are not likely to gnash their teeth very vigorously over anything the writer has written about them, and this being so—and human nature being what it is—a certain tameness invades the book's "atmosphere." The "lions" do not roar; rather

they "purr"—and Mr. Stokes is rather too much inclined to "purr" with them, or at them—whichever way you prefer to put it. Nevertheless, if you are interested in well-known people apart from their work, the book will amuse and entertain you. You certainly won't find the "lions" dull, as often they are dull company in real life—all "exhibitionism" being tiresome after a time. Lady Astor and Norah Hoult and Henry Handel Richardson emerge as the most likeable from these interviews, simply because they don't seem to seek to impress the world through Mr. Stokes with the importance of what they *are*, what they do, and what they should stand for—if only the world were not such a world of Philistines.

A Novel for the Holidays.

The queer thing about so many men whose wives leave them is that they so seldom realize when they are well off. Some women, of course, suffer from the same blindness, although it is an unblinkable fact that you never see a happy widower, while a happy widow is quite a common object, especially an elderly one.

When Nevis, the heroine of Mollie Panter-Downes' new novel, "My Husband Simon" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), left her husband on the dock-side while she entered the liner which was to take her to America to write a book, he ought, if he had had any sense, to have waved her a fond farewell and then gone away to celebrate the occasion. Instead of being heart-broken he ought to have gone on his knees to thank fate for its lesson and for giving him such an escape. Nevis was the kind of girl whom three years' "char-



"Wouldn't your mother be shocked if she saw you in that bathing suit?"
"She certainly would; it's hers"

ing" might have worked wonders in improvement—especially if, when she returned home, there seemed every likelihood of her husband being abusively drunk. Previous to marrying Simon she had written two novels, and this so common achievement had gone completely to her head. She loved him physically, but she wanted to be completely independent, and the lure of the one coming up against the desire for the other made her married life one long violent quarrel, followed by exhausting reconciliations. She found his mind inferior to her own; his friends not the kind of friends who might appreciate her at her proper worth, and his family "stuffy." She yearned for his kisses and all that, but mentally she felt they had nothing in common. The result was domestic chaos which culminated in a separation. Only at the moment of separation did a faint gleam of something like the buried truth light up the soul of husband and wife to show them that beyond their mental estrangements there was a fixed link which might still bind them together. Only they had not the courage to confess it. Also I believe that a few months in America will extinguish even the memory of that momentary illumination—that is, if Nevis landed on a good time and not on hard knocks. In any case, one would like to feel interested in what happened to her, but frankly, I for one could not. Her soul hadn't the depth of a puddle.

CELEBRITIES—OFF AND ON THE STAGE



'LONDON WALL' XI v. "STAND UP AND SING" AT CHISWICK

Miss Marie Ney (umpire), Mr. Frank Lawton (London Wall), and Miss Heather Angel (another umpire)

(On right)—MR. ALEC FRASER
AND MISS SYLVIA WELLING
IN "THE DESERT SONG"

Stage Photo Co.

MR. ERNEST THESIGER IN THE "LADY
WINDERMERE'S FAN" REVIVAL
SashaMR. BARRY LUPINO AND MISS GILLY
FLOWER IN "THE MILLIONAIRE KID"
Stage Photo Co."MILLIE THE MERMAID"
MR. DOUGLAS BYNG
Sasha

The off-stage picture was taken at the deadly encounter "London Wall" had with "Stand Up and Sing" in the recent cricket match at Chiswick. Miss Marie Ney, her sister umpire, Miss Heather Angel, and Mr. Frank Lawton are all London Wallers and did very well in their several capacities. Mr. Lee Ephraim's revival of "The Desert Song" at the Alhambra has proved a popular success. Mr. Alec Fraser and Miss Sylvia Welling and all the rest of the cast have to work pretty hard as it is a twice-nightly show. Mr. Ernest Thesiger produced and acted in the revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan" at a matinée at His Majesty's in aid of the Stage Guild Benefit Fund on June 12. "The Millionaire Kid," in which Mr. Barry Lupino and Miss Gilly Flower score personal successes, is doing well at the Gaiety, and Mr. Douglas Byng has been making everyone who goes to the Monseigneur Restaurant laugh by singing all about a lady called "Millie the Mermaid"—one of his many items



"THE SOUTHERN CROSS" AT SOERABAYA

On the occasion when Air-Commodore Kingsford-Smith came to the rescue of the Australian mail-plane, "City of Cairo," which crashed. "The Southern Cross" is here seen being pushed backwards out of the rut into which she had dug herself in an attempt to take off after heavy rain. Air-Commodore Kingstord-Smith is in the distance

Brooklands.

SUNSHINE, a large crowd comprising both the lay and the learned, and only a few cumulus clouds to remind the over-exuberant aviator that there still are such things as bumps, was the setting for the Brooklands air pageant, one of the pleasantest and most genuinely aeronautical I have attended. Brooklands is the traditional centre of all things motor, aerial and terrestrial. All those who can claim to have genuine Castrol R running in their veins in place of the more plebeian blood automatically converge upon Brooklands, and the pageant was an epitome of flying progress. We pass from the hap-hazard hoppings and hopings of that fine pioneer, Sir Alliott V. Roe, in his early triplane to the 250 m.p.h. sweepings and swoopings of Mr. Sayer in the Hawker Fury (not failing to bow to the immolated starling); from the loopings impressionants of Pégoud to the inverted loopings even more impressionants of Mr. George Murray.

The programme was well arranged and well run, and had some of those touches of imagination which are as valuable as they are rare. The Concours d'Elégance in which THE TATLER presented first, second, and third prizes for cabin aircraft was a notable success and drew many interesting entries. The winner of the silver salver, which was THE TATLER first prize, was G-ABKD (Major G. W. G. Allen), while G-ABLQ (Major C. L. T. Parker) obtained second place, and G-AAZN (Mr. S. Davenport), third. All the aeroplanes were Puss Moths. Many of the aeroplanes entered for the Concours d'Elégance were owner-kept, among them Mr. Symondson's smart-looking Gipsy Moth, G-AARU, a machine he runs and maintains entirely himself.

Mr. C. W. A. Scott called at Brooklands during the afternoon after his flight from Australia in 10 days 33 hrs. Mr. Scott's aeroplane for both the outward and homeward records was a Gipsy Moth. When he arrived at Brooklands Mr. Scott was welcomed by Lord Amulree, the first official welcome since he returned. M. Blériot also congratulated him. Captain de Havilland was at Brooklands, and he must surely have felt satisfaction at seeing the results of his work; for it was he and none other that made possible not only Mr. Scott's amazing flights, but also the greater part of the flying that was going on during the whole of that and many other pageants. The Moth was and is a masterpiece, as notable an inspiration as the "Moonlight Sonata"; it is not only a machine for the masses, it is also a machine for the expert, for it combines sturdiness with performance.

Those Responsible.

* * *

It would be wrong to turn from Brooklands to Hanworth without first giving due credit to those who made the pageant a success, and especially to Captain Davis. Captain H. D. Davis,



MR. ALGER AND "THE SOUTHERN CROSS"

Mr. Alger was the chief pilot of the "City of Cairo," which crashed at Koepang, and was a passenger with Air-Commodore Kingsford-Smith to Akyab, where he joined the second experimental mail plane on its return journey

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

whose personality is stamped on so many of the pupils of the school as well as on the place itself; Captain Jones, who broadcast the events in a manner that enabled the public to follow what was happening; Mr. Lowdell, who convulsed the spectators when he appeared suddenly on the aerodrome in parsonical garb bent upon taking an unauthorized photograph of "Air-Commander Frost"; Mr. Bradley of the track, and Mr. C. S. Burney, who started the club; all these worked nobly, and had the satisfaction of seeing their efforts crowned with success. It would be pleasant if all air pageants were as well run as this one.

While the public pageant was in progress at Brooklands there was a private party at Hanworth at which some 380 members of Parliament and of the House of Lords were present. The replica of the cross-Channel Blériot flew in weather which was by no means favourable for a machine with warping wing controls, and Major Brackley arrived in the Handley-Page 42 Hannibal. The Hannibal (an eighteen passenger Eastern type) landed in a few yards and took off in a few yards, and I hear that it has a ceiling of no less than 10,000 ft. on any three out of its four engines, so that it may be said that the forced landing possibility has been definitely eliminated in this machine.

Imperial Airways' Fleet.

I was able to go for a short flight in the third of the new Kent flying-boats at Rochester the other day with Major Brackley piloting. Major Brackley has put all the new Imperial Airways' machines through their tests, and it is doubtful if there is any other pilot living with so extensive an experience of two-, three-, and four-engined aircraft. Colonel Barrett-Lennard, Mr. Woods Humphrey, Mr. Dismore, Sir Vyell Vyvyan, and Mr. Short also went up in the Kent, but Sir Eric Geddes, who had come to Rochester for that purpose, was only able to stay long enough to look over the machine.

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AT THE READING AERO CLUB

A group of members at this recently-formed and prosperous organization. The names in the group, left to right, are Mrs. S. Cliff, Mr. S. Cliff (a pilot of Phillips and Powis, Ltd.), Miss Spicer, Miss Gower (daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P.), Mr. Lawn (an instructor), and Mrs. Powis



THE HON. JUDITH DENMAN

GOOD LOOKS IN SOCIETY

A Trio of Attractive People

The Hon. Judith Denman, who is to marry Mr. Walter Raymond Burrell, came out some five years ago. She soon decided that life held more interesting occupations than the daily round of social doings common to a young lady of fashion, so she went to Newnham, specialized in engineering, and graduated successfully. Lord and Lady Denman's only daughter is very good on a horse and plays tennis particularly well. Her fiancé is the elder son of Sir Merrik Burrell. Miss Rosemary Glyn, the pretty grand-daughter of General Frank Ramsay, is finding her first season a most entertaining one. She was presented at the third Court by Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley. Lord Brougham's only sister, the Hon. Eileen Brougham, is nineteen years old, very attractive to look at, and the possessor of charming manners. She danced in the 1850 polka group at the recent Queen Charlotte's Ball, and this photograph shows how exceedingly well her frock became her

MISS ROSEMARY GLYN, AN
ENGAGING DEBUTANTE*Yevonde*

THE HON. EILEEN BROUHAM

Lenarc



"SPI" IN A WAX-CARICATURE

The latest thing in the shop windows in Paris are caricatures in wax of prominent people. The original sculpture was by Jacqueline Zay, and this was transferred to wax by Pierre Imans

vertebrarium amongst the whole crowd. But on the other hand how easy to please, how absolutely out-for-enjoyment. A laugh was a laugh with these good people . . . even though it often happened a little belatedly and, at times, somewhat disconcertingly. I arrived at the theatre before the curtain lifted. I always do. A small courtesy to pay to those who do their best to entertain us.

* * *

Behind me sat one of those Well-Informed Females who enjoy airing their knowledge in public. She read the programme aloud to the wilted male who escorted her. She declared that M.M. Weiner and Doucet were Sacha Guitry's tailors' (she must have been somewhat startled later on to see how well they managed the twin pianos!). She told the world how Sacha Guitry was "discovered" by Regina Camier when he was a young man (at that age *la petite* Camier was still choking over her milk bottle), and that, later, he *plaqué-d* Regina in order to marry Yvonne though, really she couldn't see what he could see in either of 'em because, after all, what would Yvonne be if Lanvin didn't dress her!! I should hate to tell you the ribald—but flattering—answer I longed to hurl at the creature, but I was saved from a bad breach of manners by the rising of the curtain.

* * *

Faisons un Rêve is one of the most delightful of Sacha Guitry's many light and naughty playlets. It was created during the War, but it has stood the test of these lax yet difficult times with ease. Sacha and Yvonne of course play . . . no, live through the three acts to our utter delectation. The second act—except for the briefest appearance of a servant at the beginning and Yvonne at the end—is quite one of the cleverest things Sacha has ever done as an actor. It is a long monologue at the telephone. Berthe Bovy has done it since

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER. The *répétition générale* of *Faisons un Rêve*, by Sacha Guitry, at the Théâtre de la Madeleine, and the first performance of Arthur Honegger's new symphony (with solo and chorus), *Les Cris du Monde*, at the Salle Pleyel most annoyingly happened on the same evening. It was not easy to decide between such very rival merits. I tossed for it, but I found it difficult to decide whether I won or lost. . . . Anyway it thus came about that I saw Sacha's show on an "ordinary" night! And very ordinary it was, too. A waterproof-goloshes-and-bit-of-chiffon-over-the-hair sort of audience.

Hardly a white tie or a vertebrarium amongst the whole crowd. But on the other hand how easy to please, how absolutely out-for-enjoyment. A laugh was a laugh with these good people . . . even though it often happened a little belatedly and, at times, somewhat disconcertingly. I arrived at the theatre before the curtain lifted. I always do. A small courtesy to pay to those who do their best to entertain us.

* * *

at the Comédie Française in Jean Cocteau's *Voix Humaine* . . . but it's a long sight easier to "hold" an audience with stark tragedy than to keep it simmering with honest mirth *avec une pointe d'émotion*. It is so clever of Sacha never to degenerate into clowning . . . curse him! I say currrse him because I so dislike him as a human being and so admire him as an artist. He is certainly one of the Great Noises of the theatrical world.

* * *

Honegger's noises were a marvellous earful at the Salle Pleyel. (I like that great barn of a concert-hall with its plain, bare walls and high, curving ceiling constellated with lights that look—from below—like little luminous navels!) *Les Cris du Monde* was composed in honour of the centenary of the Cacilienverein Solothurn, the celebrated Swiss choral society, and was created at Soleure in May this year. The book is by René Bizet and, as the title suggests, provides the inspiration for noises a-plenty. Thus runs the argument. The human being, in search of self communion, longs—in the midst of the turmoil of living—for a little peace and tranquillity. Yet, from early dawn when the factory whistles and the milk-cans blare and clatter to late at night when revellers make their noisy ways homewards, pandemonium reigns; even the nights are filled with the ceaseless songs of the seas and the winds and tree-clad mountains.



YVONNE PRINTEMPS ALSO IN WAX

Another example of the sort of thing the great have to suffer. This is another wax study based on Jacqueline Zay's original. The cleverness of these little efforts, of course, cannot be denied



HER £8,000 SHOULDERS: LIL DAGOVER

A beautiful film star well known on the Continent who, according to a German paper, has managed to insure her shoulders for £8,000. It seems a lot for such a comparatively small surface

Paderewski's recent recital at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées is another notable event in the musical catalogue of events. We so rarely hear him these days, and this actually was his first for at least five years. His first was in aid of the Debussy monument, and his second on the 13th, which has not arrived at the time I write, is in aid of various charities. The theatre was packed to the roof at the first one, and the audience literally rose at him, standing up and cheering when he appeared, and also afterwards.—PRISCILLA.

PLAYS OF THE PRESENT HOUR IN PARIS

MLLE. GABY MORLAY AND M. PIERRE BLANCHARD
IN "LE JOUR"

Achay



MLLE. GABY MORLAY AT HER VILLA IN BOULOGNE

Achay

Beautiful Gaby Morlay is the heroine in Henri Bernstein's new play, "Le Jour," which has had a definite success at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris, and in the left-hand picture is seen at her villa at Boulogne. The hound is Felix, christened after another of Bernstein's successes. Ludmilla and Georges Pitoeff are the King and his girl friend in the French version of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "The Apple Cart," which is on at the Théâtre des Arts, and has amused Paris as much as it did London, where it had a deservedly good run.

MLLE. LUDMILLA PITOEFF AND M. GEORGES PITOEFF
IN "THE APPLE CART"

AT THE IRISH GRAND PRIX IN DUBLIN



LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE, LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE, LORD ALTAMONT, AND THE HON. VERENA MAXWELL



LORD PLUNKET, MRS. LEE GUINNESS, LADY PLUNKET, CAPTAIN THE HON. BRUCE OGILVY, AND THE HON. DENIS PLUNKET



LORD BRECKNOCK, SIR H. BIRKIN, AND LADY ASHLEY



MR. LEE GUINNESS



MRS. ROSS, MISS BALFOUR, AND THE HON. MARY WARD

Thunder, lightning, and a deluge of rain occurred during the second section of the Irish Grand Prix motor race in Phoenix Park, but fortunately there were sunshiny intervals as well. Sir Henry ("Tim") Birkin was one of the heroes of the day, winning the Eireann Cup in an Alfa-Romeo, and setting up a new record with an average of 88.8 m.p.h. He lost the Grand Prix by 11 sec. to Norman Black in a M.G. Midget. Mr. Lee Guinness, himself a renowned racing motorist, was looking on with his wife, and other distinguished spectators feature on this page. Miss Verena Maxwell is Lord Farnham's daughter, and Captain Bruce Ogilvy was recently married to Miss Primrose O'Brien. Mrs. Peter Ross is the daughter of Captain Herbert Dixon, M.P., Chief Whip of the Unionist Party in the Ulster House of Commons. Miss Ward is a daughter of Lord Bangor, who was elected Speaker of the Senate of the Ulster Parliament in succession to the late Lord Dufferin.

Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin



MR. AND MRS. RONALD ARMSTRONG-JONES AND THEIR CHILDREN AT THEIR TOWN HOUSE

These quite charming pictures hardly look as if they had been taken in the heart of the West End of London, Eaton Terrace—but they were all the same. Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, who is at the Bar, is the only son of Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, the famous specialist in mental diseases and consulting physician London and Aldershot Commands, when he was in the R.A.M.C., and is still so to Bart's Hospital. Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones is a very keen shot. His wife was formerly Miss Anne Messel, and is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Leonard Messel. The children are Susan and Antony

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier, West End Lane



THE PASSING SHOWS



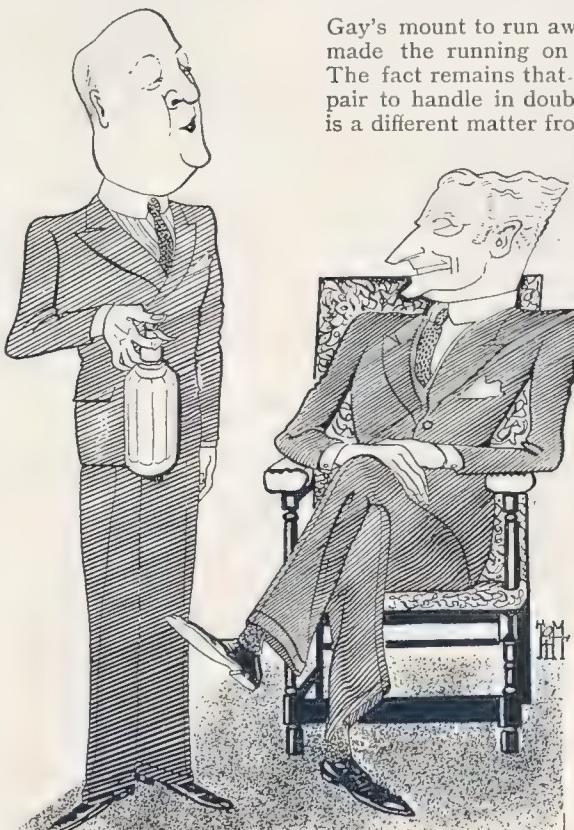
"OW DARE YOU STAND, WHEN A LADY IS SITTING DOWN?"

Mrs. 'Arris (Miss Maisie Gay) quite the lady up to a pint, but a bit doubtful after a quart, upbraids Charles (Mr. Arthur Stratton) in one of the most amusing scenes in Mr. Edgar Wallace's latest. Miss Maisie Gay plays the barmaid, house-keeper, waitress—an entertaining trinity—with her customary verve. The hotel is run by a reformed crook!

A WALLACE play, though rumour may credit it with having been written in two days and rehearsed in six, can be counted on to provide more than average sport. The author's flair for producing an easy flow of crisp repartee from the mouths of sleuths and crooklings has a way of making amends for any structural weakness in the general fabric.

Here we have a higgledy-piggedy story of bed-room doors, burning corridors, crooks active and crooks retired, duped femininity past and present, husbandly and paternal revenge, and a legendary figure palpably bearded, whose nocturnal wanderings may or may not explain the local phenomenon of the quixotic burglar who, having robbed a lord of his gold plate, restores the spoil under cover of a fire in the ancestral mansion. Throw in an avenging American sleuth on vacation; a lovely lady relieved of her virtue and her bank-notes by a lady-killer with a past steeped in crime; a man of the world, and possibly of the underworld, settled into hotel management by a windfall of £40,000—not a religious man, mind you, but a regular member of the village choir—and the ingredients are ready to be stirred according to the Wallace formula of Mirth and Mystery.

In *The Old Man*, Mystery, starting at cramped odds, makes the early part of the running, but is interfered with halfway from home by Mirth, strongly ridden by Miss Maisie Gay. Whether the author encouraged Miss



JOHN LORNEY (MR. ALFRED DRAYTON) AND LORD ARRANWAYS (MR. CECIL HUMPHREYS)

John used to be a pretty bad man (in Australia) but gets religion and a pub when he retires from business. Lord Arranways is the husband of the lovely heroine whom John's late associate "Boy Barton" (Mr. Jack Melford) manages to entangle

Gay's mount to run away with its jockey, or whether Miss Gay made the running on her own account, is beside the point. The fact remains that crook drama and revue are an awkward pair to handle in double harness. A sprinkling of comic relief is a different matter from the interpolation of a star turn.

The idiosyncrasies of Mrs. 'Arris, a shocking bar-maid, but the best "the Coat of Arms" could produce, and Miss Gay's exuberant personality are too forceful a combination to dovetail without upheaval into the general pattern. When Miss Gay, hot and thirsty, limps into our ken with bonnet awry, skirt anyhow, and the air of the mother of all char-women after having been run over by a bicycle and chased by a bull, the mystery of the Old Man takes a back seat, while we revel in the breadth and vigour of an interlude that would shed the lustre of super-comic relief on one of Mr. Cochran's arty-smarty revues. Laugh we must and laugh we do, especially at a drinking scene wherein Miss Gay becomes gloriously squiffy on champagne. It is good to observe the by-play and eye-play of a comedienne in whose hands the wise-crack is a lethal weapon. The sob-stuff, too, for the last act actually finds her in the rôle of fairy godmother, tactfully and tearfully dissipating the shadow of divorce in select circles. Mrs. 'Arris, the unsackable, impossible and unsquashable, is always putting her feet in it—we say feet because those unruly members—"these five-and-elevens are giving me 'ell"—are as much to the fore as the

reiterated truth that she is "a policeman's daughter" with "only one pair of 'ands." Work to Mrs. 'Arris is "white slavery" and *bons mots*—"a bit of the gipsy's warning would do 'er good" is the verdict on the pert housemaid; "they call it 'iking now" sums up the local courting season—are as fruity and fruitful as her knowledge of men.

* * * *

Before the arrival of Mrs. 'Arris to dominate the lounge-bar and everybody who came inside it—and after the fire at the Hall everybody had to—our faculties are on the alert for every scrap of data which eye and ear can lay hold of. At the cross-roads of Arranways (Surrey) dirty work is afoot, and more, clearly, is to follow. Who is the mysterious "Old Man" reputed to have escaped from the local asylum, and what brought him to the corridor of Arranways at dead of night? We saw him distinctly, in Scene I, sneak in through the window, his beard showing falsely in the moonlight, and slink back into the shadows at the sound of approaching footsteps. Was it the under-housemaid walking in her sleep? It was not. The lovely apparition clad in a night-dress who knocked upon someone's bedroom door was Lady Arranways herself, and the bedroom was not her own.

* * * *

The curtain having fallen swiftly on Mr. Jack Melford in pyjamas, gratefully presenting Miss Frances Doble with the freedom of his sleeping quarters, rose again to disclose the bald head of Mr. Alfred Drayton gallantly impervious to smoke and flames. Watching Mr. Drayton emerge from the fiery furnace with Mr. Melford prostrate in his arms, we are not to know until the next



DICK MAYFORD (MR. HAROLD WARRENDER)

Who holds a watching brief for her ladyship in a maze of mysterious undercurrents surrounding the identity of a legendary figure known to the scared rustics as The Old Man



THE VILLAIN (MR. JACK MELFORD) AND THE HEROINE (MISS FRANCES DOBLE)

Bad men like this are so bad that one wonders how nice wives can ever present them with their virtues or their cheque books

act that the rescuer is Mr. John Lorney, the genial proprietor of "The Coat of Arms." Nor may it occur to us to marvel at the despatch with which the unusually terse and dapper inn-keeper has contrived to be on the scene of the fire at a moment so ripe for tactful handling of a delicately indelicate situation.

Here we are on dangerous ground. Mr. Wallace takes an unfair advantage of us for the greater part of two acts—unless I have failed to grasp some subtle explanation of one apparently inexplicable phenomenon. To explore this path of inquiry would be to trespass on the preserves of the prospective playgoer. Mr. Lorney had a past—one gathered that from his abrupt reference to Australia, a continent whose whole existence he denied, if not with an oath, at least with an ominous

acerbity. This being a Wallace play and Mr. Drayton being the leading actor, one was entitled, perhaps, to put two and two together—Australia and Mr. Drayton. Both, in the circumstances, are synonymous with crime. Mr. Melford came from Australia and made no bones about it. The mention of prison life "down under" gave him an immediate sinking feeling which could only be assuaged by a bottle of brandy and relays of siphons and cigars.

* * * *

Mr. Melford smoked cigars, not cigarettes. Yet it was a cigarette thrown into the waste-paper basket that had started the fire at Arranways. Mr. Melford had assured the rescue party



THE YANKEE SLEUTH (MR. FINLAY CURRIE)

This cop is not touring Europe for his health. Once upon a time his daughter married the villain. Pop trails his quarry to Arranways, where things are not so dull as Mrs. 'Arris makes out

that no one else was in his room—not even his dog (the cur!). But Mr. Drayton, knowing what he knew and we knew, dashed into the flames again and, having produced Miss Doble, lied gallantly to her husband. When his wife's expensive cigarette lighter was found in the aforesaid waste-paper basket (moral to young wives—if you can't be good, be careful), his Lordship began to take more than a collector's interest in a pile of quaint daggers rescued from the fire, and any qualifications Mr. Melford had of being a gentleman in this piece vanished with the rapidity with which Miss Gay was shortly to imbibe nine-tenths of a bottle of Goulet, 1919. Our hearts bled for Miss Doble as we observed the affair of the pretty chamber-maid and thought of the £400 in crisp banknotes which passed swiftly into Mr. Melford's pocket.

* * * *

Mr. Drayton's dry humour and sense of character are as slick and sure as ever; Miss Doble achieves a convincing sincerity in her distress; Mr. Melford makes hay with sterner stuff than musical comedy; Mr. Cecil Humphreys displays greying temples and the pangs of jealousy with a proper lordliness; Mr. Finlay Currie's American sleuth is O.K.; Mr. Arthur Stratton's rustic head-waiter is equally A1, and Miss Dora Lennox commands all the attributes of the comeliest of spit-fires in cap and apron. As a compliment to Miss Maisie Gay's bonbonie, back-chat and bibulousness, this piece might be rechristened "The Old Woman."

THEY'RE OFF : RACING STARTS IN THE SOLENT



REAR-ADMIRAL AND MRS. FARIE
COMING ASHORE FROM "GOMETRA"



COMMANDER HOLBROOK, V.C., MR. C. R. FAIREY (OWNER OF "FLICA")
MISS GOODSON, AND MR. ROCKINGHAM GILL ON THE JETTY



HOME FROM THE SEA: MISS RYMER
AND (right) LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU



MRS. BROWN WITH SIR FRANCIS
DENT, WHO OWNS "MISCHIEF"



THE HON. MRS. CECIL BROWNLAW (OWNER
OF "SAPPHIRE") WITH CAPTAIN SULIVAN

At the two-day regatta arranged by the Lymington Yacht Club, which signalled the start of the racing season in the Solent, "Shamrock V" won both the contests for the big Bermudians, making her run of successive victories seven. Rear-Admiral Farie's "Gometra" sailed over in the handicap for yachts under 18 tons, and Mr. C. R. Fairey's "Fllica" did likewise in the 12 metre class. Mrs. Cecil Brownlaw is one of the leading members of the Lymington Yacht Club, and her victory with "Sapphire" in the West Solent restricted class was a very popular one. Sir Francis Dent's "Mischief" was also competing in this class. Sir Francis lives at Dock House, Beaulieu, and is a near neighbour of Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, with whom sailing is a very favourite occupation. Commander Norman Holbrook gained his V.C. when in command of Submarine "B 11," which dived under five rows of mines in the Dardanelles and torpedoed a Turkish battleship.

Photographs by Arthur Owen



no finer whisky goes into any bottle



THE END OF
By Fred H...



THE DAY

R.B.C.

627

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FROM THE FLICKERS



MARY JANE HALSEY IN "LEATHER-NECKING"

All these beautiful young people were snapped in the Hollywood sun. They seem to keep it on tap, and never to strike any depressions, as how could they when Great Britain monopolises them and has even started poaching earthquakes. Whether "Leather-Necking," the film in which Mary Jane Halsey appears, has anything to do with rubber-necking is not stated. The cream of the American Army, their Marines, do, however, so there is sure to be a lot of pep in the story. Gwen Lee, besides being a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is also what they call a "Wampus Baby Star." The hooker she is painting, or said to be, was at Santa Monica. Dorothy Jordan is Ramon Navarro's leading lady in "The Singer of Seville," and other pictures, and when sniped by the camera was having a day out at the local Margate, Santa Monica.



"PAINTIN' SHIP": GWEN LEE



DOROTHY JORDAN IN A JOCKEY ACT

NEWS VIEWS EN MASSE



THE ETON COXES ON THE FOURTH

The names, left to right, are: A. C. Maclaren (Monarch), R. R. Merton (Victory), A. L. Mayall (Prince of Wales), R. E. Faure-Walker (Britannia), R. A. F. Howroyd (Dreadnought), C. G. F. Bryan (Thetis), B. R. R. Goff (Hibernia), J. Philpotts (St. George), G. B. Heywood (Alexandra), M. E. Gibb (Defiance)



THE CAPTAINS AND STROKES OF THE BOATS AT ETON

The names, left to right, are: K. M. Payne (Monarch) (captain of boats), J. H. C. Powell (Victory), A. J. Rickards (Prince of Wales), J. E. Gilmour (Britannia) (second captain of boats), J. A. Tinne (Dreadnought), M. J. Verey (Thetis), A. W. D. Brooke (Hibernia), C. F. Huntley (St. George), C. H. Villiers (Alexandra), R. Hope (Defiance)



THE HARROW CRICKET TEAM

The names, left to right, are: Back row—W. E. Heinemann, J. G. Hopton, H. L. Hole, M. Tindall, D. O. Couper, A. S. B. Gascoyne. Front row—N. B. Clive, E. J. E. de Las Casas, F. E. Cavington, G. F. D. Haslewood (captain), K. Blackmore. On ground—G. Denison-Smith



THE HARLEQUINS

Photographs by R. S. Crisp

The names, left to right, are: Back row—K. R. M. Carlisle, C. S. Crawley, N. M. Ford, E. R. T. Holmes, K. O. Hunter, P. G. T. Kingsley. Front row—Rev. A. S. Crawley, H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, G. E. V. Crutchley, G. N. Foster (captain), R. S. Twining



THE ROYAL WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY AT NORTH HILL CAMP, MINEHEAD

W. Dennis Moss

The names in the group, left to right, are: Standing—Lieutenants H. P. Hunloke, G. S. Wills, C. L. Broomhead, R.A.M.C., T.A., R. A. Henderson, Lord Ashley, Viscount Weymouth, C. H. F. Fuller, the Hon. A. E. G. Herbert, J. G. Morrison, A. M. Gibb, P. G. Ormrod, F. A. G. Blackwood, C. E. Awdry; seated—Major R. E. Vine (Quartermaster) Captain O. St. M. Thynne, Captain H. Lumsden, M.C. (12th L.), Major C. L. Reid, Major E. P. Awdry, M.C., T.D. (2nd in command), Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Mann, M.C., T.D. (Commanding), Captain A. B. P. L. Vincent, M.C. (3rd Carabiniers, Adjutant), Major A. A. Bankier, Captain H. J. Nicholson, M.C., Captain P. W. Pitt, Lieut. D. G. Williams

The papers always devote far the greater part of their space in their reports of the Fourth of June at Eton to things called "Speeches," the majority of which are usually delivered by the brains of the establishment called "Tugs," who are not necessarily sea-faring persons; but as every good Wet Bob knows, standing up in a boat and singing is far more strenuous (and dangerous). The groups at the top of the Eton coxes and the captains and strokes of the boats are therefore very gladly given the fullest prominence. For once the words of the old song about "jolly boating weather" were allowed to be true, as it was not raining. In their encounter with the Harlequins, Harrow got the Harlequins out for 155 and then hit up 157 for three—a good show. The Wiltshire Yeomanry group, taken at their annual training, will be of definite interest to a good many people

UP AND DOING IN VARIOUS LOCALITIES



PREPARING FOR OLYMPIA: MISS IRIS FORD ON TURNING POINT



MISS CYNTHIA AND MISS IRIS FORD



ALL THE RUNNERS: MISS AUDREY COMBE AND HER BROTHER PETER



FOLLOWING THE HAWKSTONE OTTER HOUNDS: MISS S. LUCAS-SCUDAMORE, MISS L. LUCAS-SCUDAMORE, MISS BEAUCHAMP, AND MISS BARKER

Truman Howell

The camera had its work cut out in keeping pace with the various activities displayed on this page. The two top pictures come from Berkshire, where Miss Iris Ford has been hard at work at her home getting her hunters in good fettle for Olympia's International Show which opens to-morrow (June 19). Turning Point is to be one of her entries. Both Miss Ford and her sister Cynthia own engaging Sealyhams. The speed trial below took place recently in Hyde Park and all three contestants stayed the course well. Miss Audrey Combe and her brother, the children of Lieut.-Colonel and Lady Moira Combe, are aged ten and six respectively. The otter hunting group was secured when the Hawkstone Otter Hounds were at Pontrilas. These four feminine followers are all well known in Monmouthshire and Herefordshire hunting circles. Lord Coventry has lately taken over the Mastership of the Hawkstone pack, which was established many years ago by the late Sir Rowland Hill, and was maintained and hunted for a long period by successive Lords Hill

Bubble and Squeak

THIS story from Mr. C. A. W. Monckton's book, "The Last Days in New Guinea," illustrates the importance of sorcery and witchcraft in the life of savages.

The author was a resident magistrate, and one day a witch doctor was brought before him, the allegation made against him by the member of another tribe being that of causing the moon to alter its course with a consequent bad influence on the crops.

Mr. Monckton read the absurd charge to the sorcerer, and said:

"You have heard what you are accused of. Before I take evidence, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," was the reply.

"Don't say that," Mr. Monckton interjected. "The evidence cannot possibly convict you. Plead 'Not guilty.'"

"But I am guilty. I did it," came the answer. "I should not be much of a sorcerer if I could not do a little thing like that!"

Whereupon the magistrate, having no option in the matter, fined the "offender" two pigs. These were promptly forth-coming, and the man departed happy in the knowledge that his reputation with his own tribe as a successful sorcerer had been greatly enhanced.

* * * *

An income-tax collector had died, and a subscription was raised in a city office for a wreath. The boss promised five shillings. A few days later one of the clerks called to collect the money, and the chief handed him a ten-shilling note.

"You want five shillings change, sir," said the clerk.

"No," growled the other; "keep it and bury another."

* * * *

Jones was very fond of teasing his wife, and one day when they were out driving together they met a farmer driving a pair of mules. Just as they were about to pass the farmer's turn-out the mules turned their heads towards the car and brayed loudly.

Turning to his wife, the man remarked, cuttingly, "Relatives of yours, I suppose?"

"Yes," said his wife, sweetly, "by marriage."

* * * *

The barber had just sold a bottle of hair-restorer.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, as his customer was about to leave, "but do you happen to play billiards?"

"Yes, why?"

"Then I must warn you, sir, that after using this lotion you must be sure and wash your hands before so much as touching a billiard ball."

* * * *

A Chicago actress entered a lawyer's office and said,

"I want a divorce."

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings."

"What is a nominal fee?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Nothing doing," retorted the actress. "I can have him shot for ten."

* * * *

He was the world's worst golfer, but his motto was "*Nil desperandum*."

One day after a perfectly dreadful show he said to his caddie: "The day I go round under one hundred I'll give you five shillings."

"I shan't need it, thanks," replied the caddie. "I'll have my old-age pension."

* * * *

The vicar had invited a number of the village boys to his house for a strawberry tea. When they had finished he said to them:

"Now wasn't that better than breaking into my garden and helping yourselves?"

"Oh, yes, sir," chorused the boys.

"And why was it better?" went on the vicar.

"Because," replied a chubby-faced youngster, "we shouldn't have had any sugar and cream with them."



Dorothy Wilding
MISS DIANA WYNYARD AS CELIA
THE HEROINE IN "LEAN HARVEST"

Mr. Ronald Jeans' heroine in this clever play finds a wonderful interpretation at the hands of Miss Diana Wynyard, who is one of the best of a new generation of actresses which has discovered itself. Her Celia Hardman, a lady who is of the world worldly and hard as steel, is a really wonderful bit of characterization, and she earns very high honours. The piece has been running for over a month, and though the story is of the order "unsympathetic" it has caught on with the London public.



"THE TRIUMPH OF COLOUR IN MAKE-UP"

— ELIZABETH ARDEN

A NEW COMPLEXION . . . To match every gown.

A NEW SKIN TONE . . . To go with the latest Parisian colourings.

YOU CAN WEAR ANY OF THEM . . . for Elizabeth Arden has created infinite varieties of tones in her Powders . . . Rouges . . . Lipsticks.

YOU WILL BE A REVELATION to yourself and . . . A Joy to all beholders.

Learn the joy and interest of matching your face to your gowns . . . Ask Elizabeth Arden's advice . . . She knows.

ELIZABETH ARDEN proves that, with the clever use of her accessories to Beauty, you can style your face to harmonize with the new colours, and be charming in all of them.

WITH WHITE—a slightly darker shade for your powder foundation . . . a rich shade for your rouge . . . Ardena Powder in Banana or Rachel . . . and a very vivid lipstick, possibly the new "Chariot."

WITH SKIPPER BLUE—which has a tendency to throw deep shadows up into the face—a clever eye make-up is necessary. Wear a light make-up . . . a light shade of rouge . . . powder with a suspicion of pink in it, and a bright lipstick. Your eye-shado should repeat the blue of your dress. For eyes that are blue try finishing the lashes with light blue Cosmetique tipped with black.

WITH OPALINE GREEN OR YELLOW—brunettes will remain rather dark-skinned, but avoid sallowness; blondes will choose a make-

up with a slight suggestion of pink in it. Green Eye-Shado for both brunettes and blondes is urged.

WITH GRAY—a pink powder base, rose-red cream rouge, a warm tint of powder, and a very bright lipstick.

FOR THE EVENING—lyrical things can be done with make-up. With a light costume use slightly darker make-up—for contrast. With a dark costume—light make-up. Use a generous amount of Eye-Shado and Cosmetique . . . but subtly . . . Oh, so subtly. Elizabeth Arden's mauve evening powder—Poudre de Lilas—has a glamourous quality that is ravishing for blondes and brunettes alike.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MAKE-UP CREATIONS are on sale at smart shops everywhere: Amoretta Cream (a foundation for a dry skin) 4/6, 8/6. Creme de France (foundation for an average skin) 4/6, 8/6. Lille Lotion (foundation for an oily skin) 6/6, 10/6. Rouge Amoretta, 7/6, 8/6, 15/6. Ardena Powder, 12/6. Lipsticks, 6/- Cream Eye-Shado, 4/6. Eyelash Cosmetique, 5/6, 8/6, 10/6.

(Copyright reserved)

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"



THE ETON TEAM FOR THE FOURTH OF JUNE MATCH

R. S. Crisp

The team which met the Eton Ramblers in the match on Upper Club on June 3 and 4. The match was a draw but the weather first-class. The names, left to right, are: Back row—R. C. Watson, N. E. W. Baker, M. S. Gosling, T. H. Lane-Fox, H. L. Aubrey-Fletcher, T. F. Hanbury, N. S. Hotchkin; front row—T. N. Hogg, A. W. Allen, J. C. Atkinson-Clark (captain), A. M. Baerlein, and R. Page

NO one, probably not even The Blues themselves, realized what a marvellously agile drummer they had till they read the facts in that exciting contribution to the literature of the day which is published in one of London's evening papers. This is what it says:—

On the horse's off flank, strapped to saddle and surcingle, is the larger, copper, bass kettle-drum; on its near flank the slightly smaller tenor drum.

What a pity they couldn't strap a treble or light baritone drum on to the horse's crupper! We should then see this marvellous drummer, given a chance, showing us what he can really do in the way of physical and musical jerks à cheval.

* * *

The same gentleman who discourses about these drums on this horse's flanks also descants upon the wonderful docility of the animal, and how clever it is of the drummer to control him "by golden reins connected to the drummer's stirrup irons." For general information I think it may be stated, that it has never been the custom of cavalry regiments to put their drummers, or even any other members of their band, on anything of the pig-eyed-buck-myself-out-of-my-saddle kind. After all, though obsolete and held to be a bit wanting in intelligence, the cavalry always has been composed of nice-feeling human beings.

* * *

Spring in her petticoat of muslin and dainty-flowered gown being stated to be upon us, in spite of anything we may imagine to the contrary, it seems almost imperative to continue to discourse upon a subject alleged to be appropriate to the lady's arrival. Of course, talking about love, one could—you could, or they could—write quite a packet, and some have; but the worst of even Ovidius of the Nose, and Flaccus, and Noel Coward, and Michael Arlen, and even Gilbert Frankau, is that they never have been able to place the lighter side of this thing before us. Byron did to a certain extent; Surtees quite definitely; but Ouida was without any perception, likewise Elinor Glyn;

and Cicero in his "De Amicitiae" is too much off the target to be of any use to us. There are, of course, those entrancing French poets to whom I have had occasion to refer quite recently in connection with the adventure of that poor chap who, even to-day, goes all of a tremble if he gets a whiff of Trèfle Incarnat or "Jicky." They talk about the sea shell with the eternal echo of her lover, the sea, in her heart; and they talk quite beautifully, as I am only too anxious to admit, and some people in their days, when they were green in judgment and young in blood, have found their works *most* useful; but have any of these persons ever seen the quite definitely humorous side? Do not let me be mistaken. I have every respect for *un amour éternel en un instant conçu*; but what I say is that so very few people have any right to talk or write about it, because you know perfectly well that, for physical reasons—which, quite brutally, I say count for so much—they never can have crossed the Red Hot Sands. Look around amongst those, Hims and Hers Ancient and Modern, who try to lead you to suppose that they have been able to emerge from the dull sleep of life into the dream of love, and own up, can you

believe them? Impossible in ninety-nine thousand out of one hundred thousand cases. Shakespeare—if the pictures and sculptures are any guide at all—was not everybody's dog, and yet, so contradictory are things, that he must have "swam in a gondola," to put it quite mildly; witness all those entrancing sonnets he wrote to his walk-out—a pattern for all time. Then again look at the quaint places in which It happens—a dental parlour is a recorded instance. He and She were caught whilst waiting for the summons from the eminently respectable menial, a cross between a verger and a mortifier, which all well-regulated tooth carpentering establishments support. Neither She nor He of course owned up that they were there by appointment because for some reason or other there is supposed to be some definite *tâche* attaching to anything wrong with your molars. It is considered almost as destructive of romance as bunions.

(Continued on p. viii)



THE ETON RAMBLERS' TEAM AT ETON

R. S. Crisp

This year's team selected to play the Boys on the Fourth of June at Eton. The names, left to right, are: Back row—F. J. R. Coleridge, I. A. de H. Lyle, W. E. Harbord, C. H. Gibson, the Hon. C. J. Lyttelton, H. Hughes-Onslow (hon. treasurer), Captain G. N. Scott-Chad, G. W. Norris; front row—Major M. B. Burrows, Major A. C. Wilkinson, Major G. H. M. Cartwright (captain and hon. secretary), Major R. T. Stanyforth, and G. C. Newman



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AT ROEHAMPTON: LORD ERNE, LADY DAVINA LYTTON AND OTHERS

In one of the weather's few lucid intervals. On this day Cawston beat the Blues in the Junior Championship. Lord Erne, whose engagement to Lady Davina Lytton has been announced, is in the Blues' team

stationary ones in the East Atlantic, which were they called "filling up"—a not very encouraging assurance to the layman because it suggests that as soon as they were really full they would tip over and proceed to souse us again. We were right; for very shortly after Brulette had beaten Four Course in the Oaks we got a cloud-burst with things called secondaries attached, which made everyone believe that Ascot had arrived. This was on June 5—there had been three days possible for polo in this month and in May exactly ten days—and so far as London is concerned we shut up shop at the end of July, and then find most of the teams scattered to the four winds. If we had had to get an International team ready to play America in September the exact amount of chance it would have had can be gauged. And this year is not exceptional. Last year was just as bad, and then we wonder why our unfortunate International teams get beaten with such depressing regularity by America and are unkind enough to tell them that they have forgotten how to hit the ball. On June 7, incidentally, "they" threw in a little earthquake—which was rated the worst England has ever had. We heard stories of those chaste china dogs kept on seaside lodging-house mantel-pieces and cases of stuffed birds being damaged.

The Roehampton Open Cup, the most important early-on fixture, was held up at its semi-final stage; at the moment at which I write the Panthers and Merchiston are waiting to settle their differences in the final of the Whitney Cup—the two semi-finals having been played on May 20 and 21; the Sanford Cup final was played at Hurlingham, somehow, on the 6th, the day after the deluge, but at neither Ranelagh nor Roehampton

POLO NOTES : By "SERREFILE"

Up to Coronation Cup Day of the Epsom meeting we were lured into the belief that summer was at last thinking about y-comen-in—that was up to the Fourth of June, a date rarely blessed with fine weather since the earth has got a bit off its course. People began to preen their feathers and tried to feel dry—everything looked excellent. The weather prophets failed to find any depressions, excepting doing what

was polo possible; the Championship operations ought to be in full swing by the 22nd, and he would be a bold man who would lay any sort of odds on the date being adhered to; and all the preliminary bouts in the Inter-Regimental ought to be by now well on the wing, for the first of the semi-finals is due on the 29th! The first ties are dated to be all finished by June 18, the London group by the 20th, and Aldershot and Tidworth are not much drier or better off than London—rather worse in the west, anyway recently. Nice kind of snipe *jheels* they have to do it on, I do not think!

It almost makes one suggest that instead of trying to play polo, we should chuck it and substitute ball and bucket contests, the things they are so fond of at gymkhana. To carry on with these it does not matter how soggy the ground is, and at some shows they have the buckets half full of water to prevent the ball hopping out. It is not as exciting as polo.

In this Roehampton Open they had to cut the chukkers down from seven to six, because the ground looked as if an air raid had gone over it after even one chukker had been played. In the opening ties The Hurricanes, who were at full strength pretty near, naturally walked all over Lieut.-Colonel Sir Harold Wernher's Someries House team, who were due an 8½-goal start if it had been a handicap, but, nevertheless, fought an excellent rear-guard action and never lost their form, even though overwhelmed. Oughtn't the owner to change the name of this team to "The Elks"? One of the papers has said that elk-hunting and not fox-hunting is his favourite pursuit, so he ought to endeavour to play up to it! Sir Harold Wernher has two 17th/21st Lancers in his team, Captain R. B. B. Cooke and Mr. H. C. Walford, and The Hurricanes have one International, Captain C. T. I. Roark, two near-Internationals, Colonel P. K. Wise, the St. Chrysostom of modern polo, and Mr. S. Sanford, the American crack and the skipper of The Hurricanes both here and in his own country, and Captain D. J. E. Norton, who is very useful indeed. I do not at the moment see what can have much chance with them in the Championship, and so for Someries House to take three off them was a pretty good effort. The Hurricanes are a 32 team, the only one in the ring this

season, and they are about 8 goals better than anything they are at all likely to meet in the Championship. The Someries House Champion Cup team may be a 24 one if it is sent into action, as they say it may be, i.e. Captain R. B. B. Cooke, Mr. D. C. J. Miller, Mr. H. C. Walford, and Mr. F. G. B. Arkwright—a three-parts 17th/21st team as may be observed, as Mr. F. G. B. Arkwright is the only one who is not, his regiment being the 12th. Los Piratas are a 23 team, and in addition to the International, Mr. Gerald Balding, have the "owner," the Marquis de Portago, and those two excellent Queen's Bays, Captain G. H. Fanshawe and his brother, Captain E. G. Fanshawe. Merchiston, who went pretty well at Roehampton on June 4 against a modified Hurricanes team who beat them 9 to 7½ all out, are another 23 team, and have an International, Mr. H. P. Guinness, as their back, an ex-International in Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby as their No. 1; Captain J. F. Sanderson, who was in



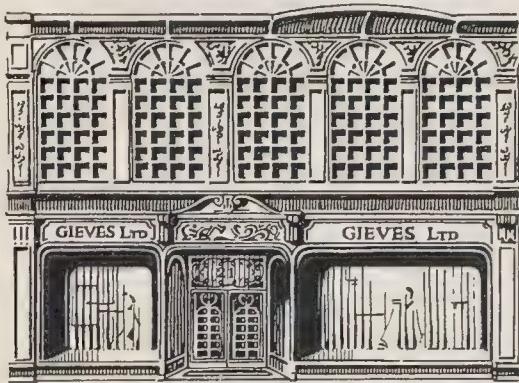
KING ALFONSO, MRS. MILLER (left) AND A FRIEND

At Roehampton on the day last week when they managed to play off a tie in the Junior Championship. His Majesty is, and always has been, a most popular figure in English polo

(Continued on p. iv)

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THE "SPEED" BALL AT THE DORCHESTER

Watching the cabaret at this successful function, at which numerous people famous in the high-speed motoring and aviation worlds forgathered. Mr. Handley-Page, the great aircraft constructor, is in the front row in the middle; Mr. Kaye Don away on the right in the second row from the front; Lord Lonsdale, Kathleen Lady Drogheda are in the centre, and Mrs. D'Erlanger and Lord D'Abernon just behind them

More pictures of this event will appear in next week's issue

To Be or Not to Be?

ONE of the things which has of late years swum into the ken of automobilism, and as to which I find it hard to make up my mind, is the super-charger. When it first became a practical proposition I was all for it, on theoretical grounds. It seemed to me, to put the matter on its lowest terms, that it must be a good scheme to increase the power of the engine very considerably without adding to the weight of the parts whose business it is to bounce up and down. For the nearer we can bring the car engine to the similitude of a steam turbine the better it must be for all concerned. However, in spite of this, the super-charger has not caught on quite as was to have been expected; the number of firms who standardize it in any shape or form is quite small, and not, at the moment, perceptibly growing. In racing work the super-charger does not seem to have quite caught the handicapper's eye. After the Double Twelve Hours' Race at Brooklands there were loud lamentations from certain quarters upon this matter, and much the same thing happened in the Irish races, so much so that people went so far as to say that super-chargers were being penalized, rather than encouraged. It may be so. Anything can happen in a handicap event. But there is one thing that is abundantly clear. This is that the ordinary motorist, like Gallio, cares nothing about these things. Possibly he is wrong, but many long years served to an apprenticeship in automobilism tell me that the "ordinary motorist" is infallibly right. For his lack of patronage of the super-charger those who have sponsored it have largely themselves to blame. In nearly all cases they have hooked it up to an already ultra-efficient engine—which is precisely the equivalent of painting the lily. What they ought to have done (which is what the wise Mercédès folk did) was to add a super-charger to an initially mild power-plant. By that means they would get two engines of quite different character under a single bonnet—which is a very pleasant arrangement. I am able to speak with unaccustomed authority upon this point, because just recently I tried out two almost identical super-charged models. British and very excellent—Bentleys to wit. Now one had a high compression and the other had a low compression. The latter had not quite the ultimate speed of the other (anything over 100 m.p.h. ceases to interest me now that I am getting old) and it had not quite the same aggressive acceleration, but for a car of monumental performance it was a most charming thing to drive. It would trundle delightfully on top gear, and it would stand the crucial test of a quick throttle opening. Thus I came to the conclusion that if the super-charger is to have a real future, apart from the racing business, it is essential that it should be used in combination with a

Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

tolerably easy-going engine. And in that connection there may be patent troubles to be overcome; for in the normal car I doubt if you want the super-charger to be working all the time, even if it does get over so many gas-distribution problems. It may not always be the case, but I think it very often is, that the advantages which the super-charger confers can be obtained in a much simpler and less costly manner by the mere increase of cylinder dimensions. Possibly that idea is in the minds of racing handicappers. Racing is supposed to improve the breed of touring cars. If those able people who govern sporting events hold the view that the super-charger should not be over-encouraged, I, at all events, am now inclined to agree with them. We all know the importance of the "blower" on the horse-racing course. But that is a very different kind of blower from the super-charger.

Surely Not.

The subject of racing brings forward a grievance. At the date of writing I find myself confronted with these headlines in a daily newspaper, "British car drivers best. But British cars are not." Thereafter follows a story by Sir Malcolm Campbell from which I quote the following: "What a pity it is, therefore, that Birkin had to use a foreign car to achieve success. Surely, this Anglo-Italian victory should be an incentive to British

motor-manufacturers to build a car suitable to beat the world." Now with humble deference to a very old friend I would say that this is the purest claptrap. Bilge of the bilgiest. And especially as the British M.G., with a British driver, won the premier award, namely, the Irish International Grand Prix Trophy. "Life," said Mr. Raymond Martin in "Stalkey and Co.," "is not all marbles." I would like Sir Malcolm to indicate what British car-makers, harassed as they are by taxes and rates and all that kind of thing, *ought* to be building racing cars in order to pick up a few trophies the winning of which will scarcely affect their commercial prospects. Bentleys have swept the board in all the big competitions that really matter, and being wise, they have retired



Dennis Moss
WITH THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS:
LORD APSLEY AND THE DUCHESS
OF BEAUFORT

At the Gloucestershire Hussars' training camp at Shotover, Wheatley, Oxfordshire. The Duke of Beaufort is the Hon. Colonel of this regiment, which under the new scheme is an armoured car unit. Lord Apsley is a brevet-major

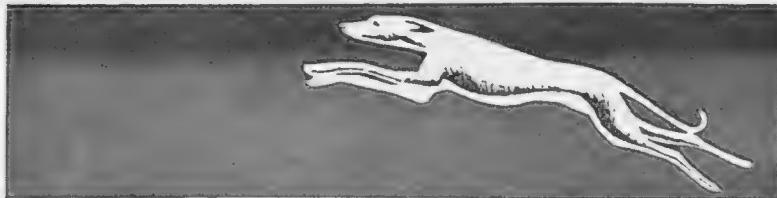
(Continued on p. xvii)

two 'seconds' two 'tops'— both dead-silent!

And progression from top to second, or
second to top, without conscious thought!



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LINCOLN

LA MOINEAU

By

COMTESSE JOANNA ERDODY

IT was Christmas Eve in Paris, and I had been celebrating it with three of my youthful compatriots. We had dined and danced, and now at two in the morning they were still clamouring to go on somewhere else. I was really dead tired, but dared not admit it, so suggested that we went to Chez Dick's. They had never been there before, so I was sure that it would amuse them and be far less tiring for myself than any other place I could think of.

The crowded little room was gaily decorated, and everyone was in exuberant spirits. All the tables were packed, but my faithful Dick soon brought us a diminutive one out of the kitchen and gave us two stools and a chair to share until, as he explained, "some of these bourgeoisie went home." He was very elated with his successful evening.

The place was a revelation to my friends, and they sat gazing around the room with intense interest. Not a thing, from the pictures on the walls to the complexions of the Pretty Ladies, escaped their notice. Their spirits rose in equal harmony with the rest of the room, and I saw that I had let myself in for a very late night.

The door was suddenly burst open by a crowd of noisy Americans, who had evidently had a very riotous evening. They were dragging with them the little gipsy flower-girl, who always stood at the door of Dick's, and offered one for a few sous a bunch of very faded flowers, but a dazzling smile from one of the most brilliant pairs of eyes I have ever seen. I knew her story of old; she was a real gipsy, born in a caravan, and could neither read nor write. She looked rather shy at first, but later I saw one of her cavaliers giving her champagne, and she became the most animated person in the room.

The chanteuse stood up and began to sing, so for a few minutes we had comparative silence. To everyone's astonishment amidst the burst of applause at the end of her songs, the little gipsy sprang into the middle of the room, and burst forth into song.

She sang song after song, with all the diablerie of old Montmartre. Her natural grace, and exquisite voice astonished us all, and the room shook with applause. "Encore! Encore!" they shouted, until at last, absolutely exhausted, she sat down. Then Dick stood in the middle of the room, and raising his glass, cried: "A la Moineau!" This was a real stroke of genius on his part, for as she had glided from table to table during her songs, she reminded one truly of a little sparrow darting about in the trees. "A la Moineau!" screamed everyone in chorus, much to the chagrin of the professional singer. La Moineau, however, with her American friends left soon after, and I was just about all in, when Dick came over to our table, so I was forced to introduce him to my friends. He then insisted on offering us a bottle of champagne. It was useless to argue that I was tired. "Christmas only comes once a year, Monsieur," he pleaded, so I was obliged to give in.

Dick was full of praises for the captivating Moineau. "We have never had such a voice here before, and what a face! It reminds one of the Madonna's one saw in church when one was young. If only I could engage her as an artist!" And the little man sighed sentimentally. At last we were able to leave, and I was really thankful to get to bed. I felt that I was growing too old even for Dick's.

About two weeks later I went again, and to my amusement found La Moineau engaged as première chanteuse. Dick was delighted with her, and introduced me with pride. She was an enormous success, and I noticed that he was very jealous of the many admiring glances she received, and insisted on her sitting at his table at the end of each song.

I was in Paris then for some time on business, and went again and again to the little café, and saw La Moineau become

one of the most popular singers in Montmartre. Dick had completely lost his heart to her, while she seemed to think that he was the most wonderful person in the world. This went on for some months, and I then had to leave Paris.

On my return I went, as usual, to visit the little place and, to my surprise, La Moineau was missing. As soon as I could I asked Dick where she was. The little man looked very sad, and he answered: "What will you, monsieur, how could I hope to keep one so beautiful and young when she became the vogue of the moment and half Paris was crazy about her. She was snatched from here by one of the highest bidders—the rich banker, Robstein. She comes in to see me from time to time and is a vision to behold in her wonderful furs and jewels. If only I could have given them to her, monsieur, perhaps she would never have left me." I could find little to say to console him, but wondered to myself what would be her end; would she always be happy to be kept as a bird in a golden cage or would her gipsy blood assert itself?

One night I saw La Moineau in one of the most expensive night clubs in Paris. She was dancing with a man of portly appearance, whom I surmised to be Robstein. He glanced at her with pride, as he saw the envious glances of the other men in the room, and indeed he might! For she was one of the smartest and most beautiful women there.

Business again called me away from Paris and I was absent for about a year. I often thought of poor Dick during my travels, and wondered if he had got over his loss. Needless to say he was about the first person I went to see when I got back.

I found him as usual, and waited impatiently for him to come and chat with me. This he did as soon as he possibly could, and I immediately questioned him about La Moineau. "Ah! La Moineau!" he cried. "Oh, yes, she is with us again." I stared at him with astonishment; he smiled seeing my utter amazement, and then called "Vestiaire." A hideous pock-marked creature arrived and took someone's hat and coat. Despite the horror of the face something in the moving figure seemed familiar, but it was too terrible a thought; that could not be La Moineau.

"So you do not recognize our little friend?" said Dick. "Well, I'm not surprised; the difference is great and the story sad. When you last saw La Moineau she was one of the most affluent women in Paris. Robstein allowed her a great deal of liberty, but unfortunately she confused her liberty with licence. It seemed, too (he added cynically), that the call of youth was also strong in her. She found its resonant note in a Spanish dancer, whose new suits and diamond cuff links were soon the envy of all his comrades. In the end, of course, it reached Robstein's ears, but she denied it. Proof, however, was too great for him to believe her denial any longer, and after threatening her more than once he left.

Her furs and jewels soon disappeared as she continued her extravagant life with her lover, but when she was at the end of all her resources he gracefully glided away. In desperation she then made another appeal to Robstein. He had been proud of possessing her youth and beauty, so he gave her another chance, but this time the little bird was kept more guardedly in its cage.

Once again prosperous, and securely on her feet, her lover reappeared, and she lost her head more than ever, so that gossip soon ran riot in Paris, and Robstein was soon informed.

There was now no further hope of forgiveness. Knowing that he had been fooled again, his Semitic blood thirsted for revenge. He certainly got it (said Dick dryly), and with a can of vitriol spoilt the beautiful face of La Moineau for us all, until you see her as she is to-day.

She then deigned to notice me again, but all I could do was to give her the job of *vestiaire*.



R de LAVERERIE



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"ONE OVER THE EIGHT": THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL TEAM



Poole, Dublin

ENGLAND PLAYERS

Left to right—Miss K. Garnham, Mrs. R. O. Porter, Miss Rudgard, Miss Rhona Rabbidge, and her first-round conqueror, Miss Wanda Morgan. The other members of this group all won their early matches

Left to right—Mrs. Marks, Miss Blake, Mrs. Todd, Miss B. J. Latchford, Miss M. Fitzgibbon, Miss D. Pim, Mrs. J. B. Walker (Captain and Irish Champion), Miss D. Ferguson, and Mrs. Peter Wilson were all competing in the Open Championship



MISS WILSON AND MISS GOURLAY

Two of England's "tigers." In the first round Miss Wilson, the English Close Champion, defeated Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomerie, while Mrs. Todd took Miss Gourlay to the 18th green



Poole, Dublin
MRS. J. B.
WATSON

Many times champion of Scotland, Mrs. Watson went to Portmarnock to captain the Scottish team which won the International Shield from England. Miss Fishwick (on the right), the holder of the Open Championship, is at the time of writing going strong towards retaining this coveted title



Poole, Dublin

MISS B. J. LATCHFORD AND MISS W. O'SULLIVAN



MISS DIANA FISHWICK



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The Highway of Fashion : By M. E. BROOKE



Fashions for sportswomen are well understood at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, W. The Cumberland tweed suit on the left is unlined; the waistcoat and jumper are of knitted wool openwork and are available in a variety of colour schemes. (See page ii)

A zip fastening, a narrow belt and useful pockets are important features of this suede coat from Fortnum and Mason's, and it is there that the silk scarf and bag may be seen. (See p. ii)

Maria
Tyrrell

Fashion Comatose.

AS soon as Ascot and Their Majesties' Courts are over fashion in general becomes comatose, that is to say as far as the fundamental principles are concerned; accessories change from day to day in form, also in the manner of wearing them. The great dressmakers have gone into retirement in order to create novelties that will be seen at the fashionable *plages* in a few weeks' time. The sales—many of which begin next week—will provide a harvest of gilt-edge investments, especially in the way of summer frocks, wraps, and their accessories.

Natural Flower Necklaces.

A few weeks ago, as recorded in these columns, necklaces and bracelets of natural flowers appeared and met with an immediate success; as a matter of fact one florist alone created over two dozen for wearing at one of the season's dances early in June. Some were of hydrangeas, others of hyacinths, and others of forget-me-nots. It is essential that the flowers be light in weight. A pad of cotton-wool saturated with water and sprinkled with aspirin should be placed at the back of the necklace just where it comes in contact with the nape of the neck; it may be covered on one side with oilskin. Sometimes cravat bows of ribbon are introduced. These necklaces will keep fresh an entire afternoon and throughout the evening, provided that in the interval of dressing for dinner they are removed and sprinkled with water.

Bead and Feather Flowers.

Fuchsia necklaces are made of feathers and organdie, the inner petals being of the latter and the outer of the former. The flowers do not stand upright, but rest against the column of the throat, and are threaded on silken threads to tone. Another novelty are the necklaces composed of ropes of string covered with massed multi-coloured beads. In front there is a flat spray (about 4 inches long) of glass flowers. The colours are exceptionally beautiful, as the backs of each petal are treated with enamel; there are brooches to match. A revival

(Continued on p. ii)



Practical, simple, and becoming are these tennis frocks from the Galeries Lafayette. The one on the right is of white crépe de chine and the others of white schappe silk. (See p. ii)

this beauty treatment begins beneath the skin



Cyclax Special Lotion. Draws all acid waste matter out of the skin, leaving every pore clean. Excellent for removing blackheads, sallowness and sunburn. 5/-, 10/-.

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FREE BOOKLET. Send to-day for the free Cyclax Book, "The Art of Being Lovely." It tells you all about the Special Lotion and Cyclax Treatment, giving you full directions for using everything in the Cyclax range and help with your own special skin difficulties.

FREE ADVICE. If you want advice and cannot visit the Salon, you have only to write to Frances Hemming, 58 South Molton Street. Every woman who seeks my advice is remembered in our correspondence files, where a complete record is kept of her special needs.

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The difference between Cyclax and every other beauty treatment is that Cyclax begins at the beginning, *beneath the surface*. And the vital principle of the whole Cyclax treatment is contained in the "Special Lotion." Painted on the face overnight and left on till morning, it attracts all the acid waste matter that is normally passed out through the pores. This, if allowed to remain, will actually discolour the skin; clogging its surface; paralysing its functions; causing blackheads and sallowness; sapping vitality. In the morning you simply wash it off—and with it every trace of impurity—in soap and water. *After the first application you will see a difference, after two or three you will find your skin noticeably lighter, softer in texture, years younger.* Soon one application a week will keep it in perfect order.

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Frances Hemming.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

are the tortoiseshell necklaces composed of quaintly-cut flat pieces—not beads or rondels: they are decorated with gold inlay. There are brooches *en suite*. It is safe to predict that in the near future sportswomen will substitute them for flowers, as they look so smart with tweed ensembles.

Concerning Gloves.

Except for very formal evening functions, gloves have not met with success, one reason being they greatly increased the dress budget. For afternoon affairs with black or black and white ensembles, white gloves stitched with black are being worn or vice versa. The wrist portions are sufficiently wide to be pulled over the coat or dresssleeve. They terminate between the wrists and elbows; they are more often than not expressed in soft suède. With pastel-tinted frocks, gloves to match are worn. Should it not have been possible to pick up the exact tint, then the whole gamut of champagne nuances as well as beige are represented. For general wear there are washable gloves of every description, many of which may be cleaned on the hand with soap, water, and a softener. For the beach, cretonne gloves and fingerless mittens are very smart. They are cool, as the sleeve portions are loose; ribbon threaded through slots, and not elastic, holds them in position.

Shoes and Stockings.

Court shoes carry all before them for the evening; in London it is possible to have white satin footwear dyed any colour desired while you wait, that is to say, in five to ten minutes. On application I shall be pleased to send the name and address of the follower of St. Crispin's art who will do this. By the way, a fact that is not nearly so well known as it should be is that the majority of dyers and cleaners not only dye and clean garments but have a special renovation department; they do the work in a highly satisfactory manner. Reverting, however, to footwear, the New Oxfordettes have evidently come to stay for town wear; they support the instep and are decidedly smart, while the ribbon bow may be arranged to act as a diminishing glass to the feet. Court shoes are seen at modish day-time functions as well as sandals. There is little news regarding stockings, except that smart women are wearing very fine black silk hose in conjunction with black ensembles relieved with white. All shades of wood and beige are well represented, also delicate pastel tints to harmonize with printed chiffon frocks.

The "Little More."

There has come into being an accessory that has been wittily christened the "little more." It has adopted all kinds of guises, among them coats, capes, and cross-overs. It has to be worn with the greatest discretion, otherwise it

creates a dowdy impression. Younger women look smart in a cape of white piqué which just turns the shoulders and is finished with an enormous artist bow of soft silk or velvet. Cross-overs are made of many fabrics including lace outlined with fur, a new note being struck with a Medici collar at the back. The newest coatees are drawn in at the waist and are reinforced with a much-flared basque. Again, there are sleeveless affairs; indeed, they consist of four panels mounted on a narrow yoke which is passed over the head. It seems almost unnecessary to add that

they may be arranged in a fraction of a second, and are particularly becoming to slender women.

For Sports and Country Wear.

Nowhere are the fashions for sports and country wear more carefully considered than at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly; they are perfectly practical and exceedingly smart. Illustrated on the extreme left of page 544 is an unlined Cumberland tweed suit worn with a spotted silk sleeveless blouse which matches the bag and scarf on the right. The brown suède short coat on the right is reinforced with zyp fastenings, narrow belt, and useful pockets. The knitted wool openwork jumper has a modish halter collar; it is a study in coral, white, and black with bérêt to match. Naturally it is available in a variety of other colour schemes. Last but by no means the least attractive of the illustrations shows a double-breasted sleeveless woollen waistcoat with brass buttons; it is just right for slipping on after a game. Everyone must make a point of visiting these salons in order to see the swimmer's sunsuits and beach outfits, and although they are original and novel the prices are remarkably pleasant.

For Tennis.

Tennis enthusiasts are ever so particular regarding their outfits and, as a consequence, they will welcome the dresses sponsored by the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W., which are illustrated on p. 544. The model on the left is of white schappe silk decorated with leaf motifs: of it one may become the possessor for 55s. The frock in the centre is likewise of white schappe and is reinforced with a stockinette coat relieved with brass buttons; it is 59s. White crêpe de chine makes the affair on the right with the V-shaped neck-line and openwork motif, and the price is £4 19s. Neither must it be overlooked that there are hand-knitted tight-fitting silk caps for 3s. 9d., and knitted bérêts with petersham bows at the back for 11s. 6d.

Coats are Important.

The straight silhouette is regarded with favour, although débâtantes may now and again appear in picture frocks. The ensemble illustrated on this page may be seen at Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W. It is carried out in silk marocain of a lovely mulberry shade; the georgette vest being of a lighter shade is of the same colour and material; it is an outfit that may appropriately be worn on a variety of different occasions. For 10 guineas there are sleeveless wool canvas-weave frocks with short tailored coats; this price includes a scarf and hat of poplin crêpe. Again, there are suède crêpe frocks with broderie anglaise, vest, and hat *en suite* for 10½ guineas. These alone are well worth a visit to view.



Picture by Blake
A FASHIONABLE ENSEMBLE

Carried out in mulberry-tinted silk marocain with vest of a lighter shade. At Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W.

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Polo Notes—continued from p. 536

last year's International "camp," No. 2, and an ex-Scots Grey, Captain H. N. Scott-Robson, No. 3. They have therefore two "Greys" in the team, as Mr. Guinness is still in the regiment. Both they and Merchiston are good teams, but it will be surprising if they can give the weight away to The Hurricanes, much as we should like to see them do it, just to vary things a bit if for no other reason. This Championship, of course, is all very interesting so far as it goes, but does it lead anywhere? I mean anywhere that can be of any use to us where the event of 1933 is concerned?

* * *

Out of all these probable starters for the Championship and some others, if we skim the cream, we get Captain C. T. I. Roark, Colonel P. K. Wise, Captain D. J. E. Norton, the three 17/21 people, Captain R. B. B. B. Cooke, Mr. D. C. J. Miller and Mr. H. C. Walford, Mr. Gerald Balding, Captain G. H. and Captain E. G. Fanshawe, Major J. F. Harrison, Captain J. F. Sanderson, and Mr. H. P. Guinness. What are we going to do with these twelve people plus anything we can collect from India, say, Captain Richard George and Mr. Dalrymple-Hay, both Central India Horse, and a few more who have been prominent recently? If the matter has not at the moment occurred to us as worth thinking about, why shouldn't it? Say that we have fourteen—a small force, admittedly—with which

to juggle, why not at the end of this season, if we are ever to have a dry ground, pick a Probable and Possible team; put all the ones who have had a go in Internationals in one lot and the best we can lay our hands on in the other? How would this do just for a stripped gallop:

A	v.	B
Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby (1)		Mr. J. A. E. Traill (1)
Captain C. T. I. Roark (2)		Captain J. F. Sanderson (2)
Mr. Gerald Balding (3)		Colonel P. K. Wise (3)
Mr. H. P. Guinness (back)		Major J. F. Harrison (back)

Alternatively in "B" team put Mr. Traill in at the back end and try some of the younger blood at the front end—Captain R. B. B. Cooke or Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington for instance—and after this match mix them up again according to taste, but in any case arrive at something more or less definite before 1932 is upon us.

* * *

Someries House, with a start of 1½ goals, won the Sanford Cup, beating Cawston 5½ to 5 on the match-ground at Hurlingham which only once before this had been opened for play, and naturally, after what had come to us during the preceding week, cut up badly; there was no carry on the ball, and where it pitched there it stopped or nearly so. It was the brand of polo which is not of much use to anybody, and it was rather dispiriting to see people like Captain Roark and Major Phipps - Hornby, amongst others, who can hit a long ball, wrestling with such a puddingy ground.



THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS 5th LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS

A group taken recently at their annual training at Edge Hill Camp, near Ulverston. The names, left to right, are: Front row—Captain G. Allen, Captain A. H. Ainsworth, Captain J. C. Latter, M.C., Major R. M. Barlow, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel Charles Ainsworth, M.P., Captain R. S. Leamy, Major J. K. Hopkinson, the Rev. H. L. Hornby, M.C., Captain C. F. Whowell; back row—2nd Lieutenant J. T. Whittaker, Lieutenant R. M. Ainsworth, 2nd Lieutenants G. H. Webb, H. J. Webb, Lieutenant C. M. Ainsworth, G. C. Hutchinson, 2nd Lieutenants W. S. Cain, J. K. Whitehead, and J. H. Fielden

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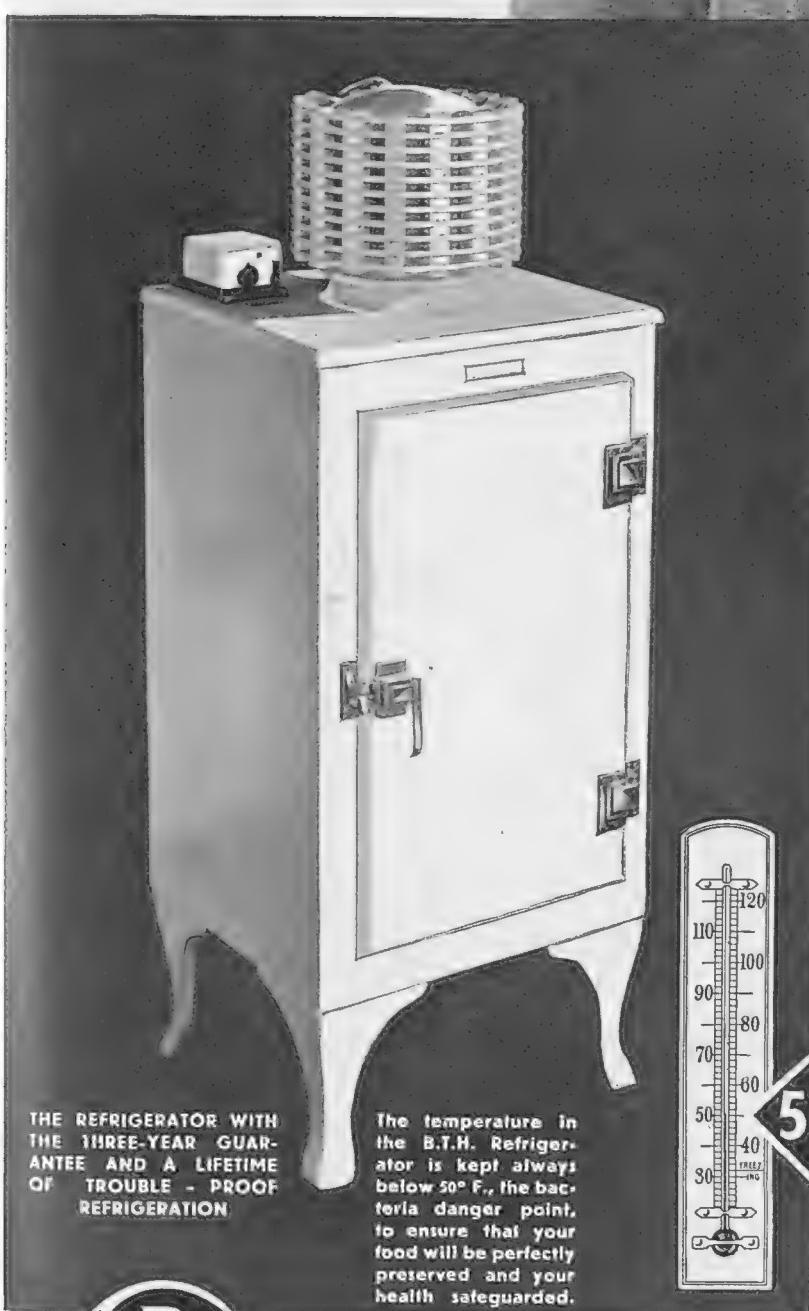
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Eve at Golf

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

I HAVE really experienced the height of courtesy even in this land where everybody's one idea seems to be to give the lady golfers a good time. I was making vain efforts to get on to the Portmarnock Golf Club by telephone, and eventually arrived on the wrong number. In England somebody would have bitten my head off and slammed down the receiver. Instead a charming Irish voice said, "Is it the Portmarnock Golf Club you're wanting? You've got the wrong number, but wait now a minute till I tell it you. I'll look it up." After that it is perhaps needless to say that people have enjoyed Portmarnock because every mortal thing was done to please them, except something over which nobody could have any control, and that was the weather. If we indulged in no earthquake we had the worst thunderstorm within the memory of Dublin. We had so many inches of rain that I hesitate to give them. We had water-logged bunkers, which is an unheard-of thing at Portmarnock, and in amongst the roses and the pansies and all the other enchanting little wild flowers was just ordinary common rough of no particular species, only of incredible tenacity and succulence. However, in spite of the thunderstorm Miss Wilson did a 75 in the qualifying; in spite of everything else there was some marvellous golf played.

To begin at the beginning, there was Scotland's win of the Internationals, which caused a great deal of rejoicing, not only amongst Scotland but amongst a good many other people who held that England

Why, however, stir up mud if there is any chance of its settling? Irish air suits Scottish golfers; they won the shield the only time since 1910 over at Royal Co. Down in 1927, and danced a Highland fling amongst the sand-hills. It is believed that a fling was danced this year as well, only in the seclusion of the drying-room, since the morning was such that everybody was sopped to the skin. If anybody said that Scotland won because the weather was so vile they labelled Scotland and a great team. Scotland were without their champion, Mrs. Holm or Miss Kathleen MacDonald or Miss Nan Baird; but Mrs. J. B. Watson, a host in herself, came to their rescue, and if she could beat neither Miss Jeffreys nor Miss Fishwick, she did a lion's share by playing at the top of the team and so keeping other people in their right places; 6 to 3 against England was convincing enough for anybody.

Internationals may be hard work, but nothing to the strain of qualifying. Portmarnock is never wide; with the rough so thick and the bunkers flooded, fairways seemed narrow as a piece of tape. There was, moreover, the thunderstorm. Miss Enid Wilson escaped the worst of it,

but what she had to cope with was quite enough, and her 75, four less than the par fixed for the course, was such that even she, who hitches her wagon to a star all the time, was almost obliged to admit that it had some merits.

Going out, there was an anxious moment or two, though once the 38 was down on paper it hardly looked as if there could have been; coming in, she never looked like taking more, except for one brief minute in the shade of the writhen hawthorn tree, and when she put her chip at the 18th so dead that it was nearly down for a 3 she had achieved her 37 home. Great golf.

On the Monday she was out, so she owned in private, to beat even 75. When that was seen to be impossible she seemed for a few holes to lose interest; then a vision of the shining immensity of the Diana Fishwick Bowl for the best qualifying aggregate must have given sudden inspiration, for she finished extraordinarily well for her 83 and took first place with 158. Miss Wanda Morgan with 80 and 86 came next, Miss Fishwick third, a stroke behind, Miss Gourlay one behind again, and Miss Orcutt, the sole American player, one stroke more again. The last score to qualify was 38 strokes behind Miss Wilson.

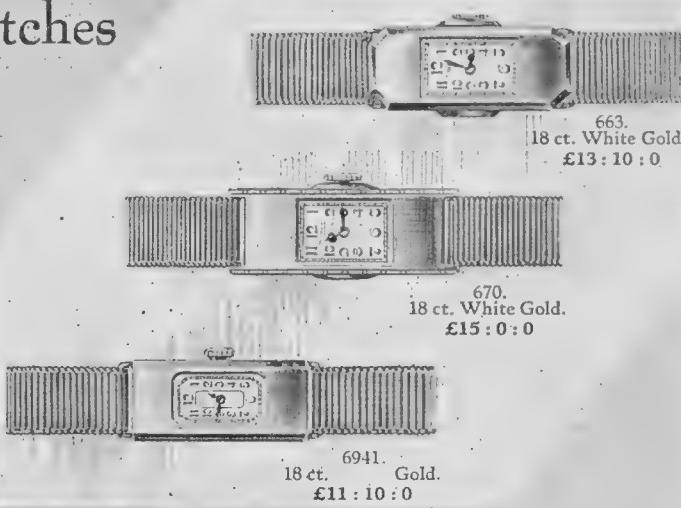
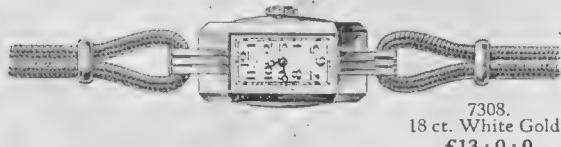
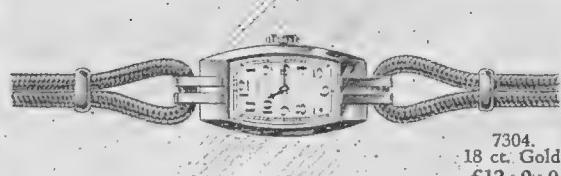
After that spirits rose, perceptibly and audibly. The weather, too, began to mend and the golf grew gloriously better and better.

On the first day surprises were rather far to seek, except for the dismissal of Mrs. Walker, reigning Irish champion, by Mrs. Alec Johnston and of Miss Doris Park by Miss Vyvian Lamb. On the second they were common as bents on a sand-dune.

On the next morning two more who had been named as possible champions took leave of the event—Miss Hilda Cameron at the hands of Miss C. M. Park, daughter of the Veterans' champion; Miss Dorothy Pearson at the hands of Mrs. R. O. Porter—and then in the afternoon the really mighty began to fall, for Miss Fishwick went out to Miss Pim at the 19th, and Miss Orcutt by 4 and 3 to Miss Elsie Corlett. Miss Pim, being Irish, no doubt believes in getting in the first blow; she did it by lipping the 2nd for a two and winning it in 3. After that, though Miss Fishwick twice had the match square, the holder of the championship never had the lead, and out she went at the 19th in spite of playing most gallantly out of the water in the bunker alongside the green. We know Miss Fishwick as a winner, not as a loser; this showed us her in that rôle, and a better one it would be impossible to imagine. Never was a beating taken more charmingly or in a more sporting and unexcuse-making spirit. And all the time Miss Morgan, playing beautiful golf, and Miss Wilson irresistible, and Miss Gourlay brilliant, were coming along. But so is press day, and this, like other serials, must be continued in our next.

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'King George IV' to
go into his bowl
he would have
gone down to
posterity as not
only a merry old
soul but a very
wise one.



KING GEORGE IV



Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 534

which have ere now been the murderers of passion. However there it was, they had to jump apart quite quick when the man said: "Mr. Torquemada is at liberty now m'lady—will you kindly step this way?" She said She was waiting for someone, which was not quite true, and so did He—and it was quite true—his wife of ripe years. The other one was only someone who . . .

* * * *

I do not know of any subject which makes people cock their ears quicker than that of Love, and that is why I am pursuing it in connection with its lighter side with a further relation of some experiences other friends of mine have had. I knew someone, once upon a time—quite long ago—on that long road from Murree into the Valley of Enchantment (Kashmir understood), which grips even the most prosaic, who wrote some charming verses about what we will call an "episode." They began with something about "a little dust that dances before a wind; sweet little dust that lived and loved and sinned. . . ." She was infinitely sincere, and it was a very delicate and extremely good little love lyric, and at that moment she wanted nothing better than to jump out of her house-boat into a beautiful lake which, at the seasonable moment, is covered with pink and white lotuses, and if you get in you never get out, because those beautiful flowers have india-rubber roots



Sasha

ABOARD THE "MAJESTIC": MISS MARJORIBANKS AND LORD TENNYSON

This picture was taken by "Sashalite," which is more flattering and less frightening than flashlight. The victims, as will be observed, are even able to smile. Lord Tennyson's cricket career is almost too well known to catalogue, but summed up is Eton, Hampshire, and England—skipper in 1921. He was originally in the R.B. and then went to the Coldstream

reaching downwards that cling and drown. Well, ten days after she had been in a place called Gulmarg, up nearer the Eternal Snows, she had forgotten all about that little dust that danced in its little devil whirl-winds before the summer breeze, and had two chaps in the 10th and another in some Gurkha regiment who had taken a valley to shoot, all ready to cut one another's throats about her. And yet so short a time before she had been murmuring, as her house-boat went up near to Srinagar, something about "*La vie est un sommeil; L'amour en est le rêve*"—I never was good at names, so I can't tell you who the cove was who said it. But there you are! "Men have died and worms have eaten them—but not for love." So says one of the best authorities. I was always certain worms never were really fond of their job. Being at that moment quite heartless, the situation appealed to a doubtless misplaced sense of humour. Merely do I relate the facts. She never saw how funny she was, and no one could have been so tactless as to draw her attention to it. To hear her play Liszt's "*Liebestraum*" was enough to melt even an Epstein statue, even his puddingy "Genesis." At about half-way up the river she still believed all that she had written about that dust that lived and loved and sinned; a few miles onward.

. . . ! I hope she never reads this or she may round on me—an innocent spectator of a really clever comedy which was billed as one of the major tragedies, and most admirably acted by all hands.

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Only one tube to a family.

T. 17/6/31

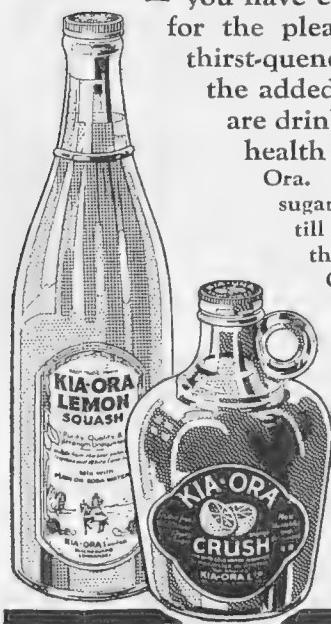


THE LONDON TO EDINBURGH TRIAL: SOME OF THE RILEY MOTOR CLUB

The London to Edinburgh Reliability Trial is a unique function and is organized by the largest one-car club in the world, which is also the fourth largest affiliated to the R.A.C., the Riley Motor Club, some of whose leading lights and some other leading lights are here displayed. This year's trial was in its later stages, from Doncaster onwards, driven through a mud mist. Of those in the picture Mr. Victor Riley is Chairman and Managing Director of Riley Motors and Vice-President and Chairman of the Riley Motor Club, Sir Wm. Sleigh is ex-Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. J. Van Hooydonk, President of the Motor Cycle Club, Mr. J. Masters is the secretary of the Motor Cycle Club, Mr. Edward Reeves is the hon. secretary of the Riley Motor Club, Dr. Roe is one of the oldest competitors and is on the committee, Mr. Cecil Riley is the Sports and Social Secretary of the Riley Motor Club, and Mr. H. MacIntyre is a leading distributor in Scotland.

you drink
for pleasure
and find health
... when you drink
'Kia - Ora'

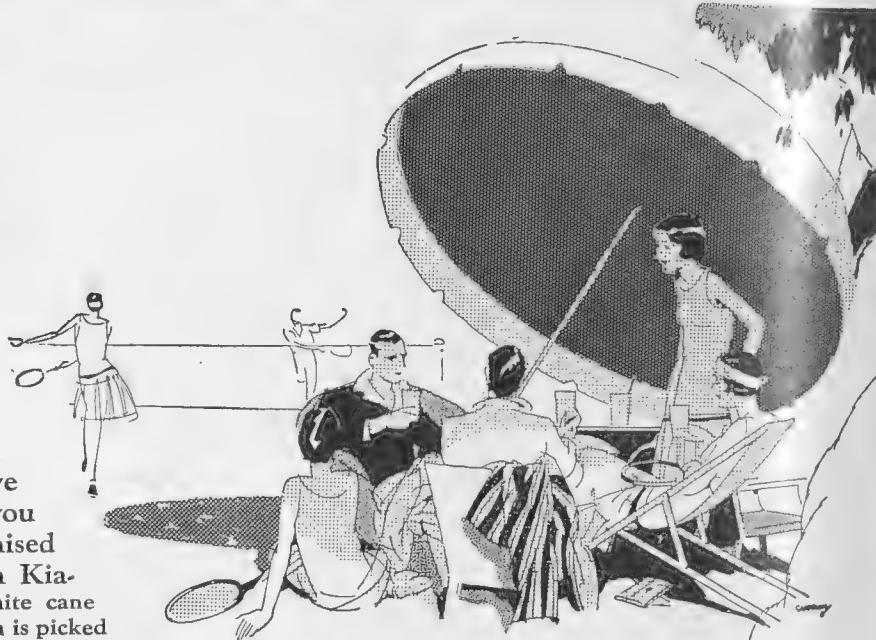
YOU will vote Kia-Ora the nicest drink you have ever tasted. You will drink it for the pleasure it gives, for its delicious thirst-quenching qualities, while you have the added satisfaction of knowing that you are drinking health. All the well-recognised health properties of the lemon are in Kia-Ora. It is just fresh lemon juice with white cane sugar added but . . . not a Kia-Ora lemon is picked till sun-ripened on the tree . . . crushed there and then on the spot in sunny Messina. That is why Kia-Ora retains all the freshness and healthfulness of the fruit itself. Kia-Ora is the pleasant way to good health.



PRICES REDUCED

Bottle (Squash)	{	1/-
Decanter (Crush)	}	1/-
Full-half size . . .	1/-	
(Prices in Gt. Britain)		

KIA-ORA Ltd., London, S.E.1



Many people prefer Kia-Ora Orange Squash as it is slightly sweeter than the lemon. White cane sugar already added, nothing required but water.

KIA-ORA

LEMON OR ORANGE



DOES DISTANCE LEND ENCHANTMENT?

Why lay up regrets for yourself—when it is so simple to make sure of freshness of body and sweetness of breath! Every morning dab Milton full strength everywhere you are likely to perspire. Then, use $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of Milton in a tumbler of water as a gargle. Every trace of unlovely odour will be utterly banished from breath and body, for the day! Think what a feeling of security this gives you! Milton will not irritate your skin—however tender. It preserves and whitens your teeth, while it sterilizes your throat and mouth. There is nothing half so effective for all intimate hygiene! Get the Milton habit—and be serene on all occasions!



"Always in Perfect Health"



Photo by Sasha

MISS FAY COMPTON,

the talented and beautiful young actress, now appearing in "Autumn Crocus" at the Lyric, writes:—

AN actress's life is not only walking on to the stage in the most attractive frocks and attractive surroundings. What the public does not think of is weeks of strenuous and nerve-racking rehearsals, often followed up by a part in the preliminary touring company, necessitating journeys from town to town throughout the entire country. In fact, one has always to be in perfect health, which I luckily am, thanks in no small way to Phosferine, the Greatest of all Tonics."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.
Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT—the Summer Tonic Laxative. It tones as it cleanses!
 Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6

Aldwych

The Art and Science of Beauty

Seasons Counted in Wrinkles.

The stress of the London Season leaves little time for the care of the complexion. It must be remembered, however, that when the skin is neglected each season as it passes leaves indelible marks until the years may be counted in wrinkles, like the age of the tree in the concentric circles of its wood. Nor is it only the women of fashion whose charms are in danger, a life spent in sports and outdoor pursuits plays the mischief with the complexion. Sun and wind if allowed to do their best and worst give health undoubtedly but rob beauty of the charm that is so highly prized. It must not be overlooked that civilization is never satisfied with Nature. It sets up standards and ideals of its own, and art is called in to embody them.

* * *

The Art of Beauty.

To-day there is a real art of beauty which women cannot afford to despise, whether they be possessed of natural beauty or not, whether they be young or old. It is something of a leveller too, though it throws no one down from the high pedestal. Rather its province is to lift all to the same plane. It benefits therefore most of all those to whom Nature has been unkind. And how few there are who are not conscious of her unkindness in some particular or another, who do not feel that with a little knowledge they may have perfect complexions. There are many things they would like to ask about, the correct massage movements and the preparations they should use, etc. Well they may have all their beauty problems solved in a satisfactory manner in the Pomeroy salons, 29, Old Bond Street, W.



Pomeroy's aids to beauty are of real service in remedying Nature's defects. They bring beauty to the faces of all who use them regularly. There is the Skin Food at night and the Day Cream in the morning

Nature's Unwanted Gifts.

There is one thing about which all women agree, and that is that the unkindest gift that Nature can bestow is superfluous hairs on the face. Really the best way to overcome them is to have them removed by electrolysis, which must be done by skilled operators. Those who work in the Pomeroy salons have been carefully trained for the work, and their continual practice gives them deftness and certainty. The thoroughness of their training may be gauged by the routine adopted in every case. The part of the face to be treated is washed with an antiseptic, and after drying is bathed with an aseptic wash. The needle is carefully sterilized before it touches the skin, and after the operation the face is carefully bathed again with a soothing lotion which allays any temporary irritation.

Aids to Beauty.

Chief among the Pomeroy Aids to Beauty is the skin food; it is a perfectly designed and effective emollient for cleansing, softening, and protecting the skin; when used in accordance with the instructions given it is of material assistance in eradicating lines and wrinkles on the face and neck, and supplementing the remedial effects of massage in a serviceable fashion. Another useful preparation is the day or vanishing cream which may be applied at any time without leaving any greasy sign of application. The complexion purifier by its name tells its object—the removal of tan and freckles—while the function of the astringent tonic lotion is to impart firmness to a flabby skin, and to correct any tendency to looseness, puffiness, and wrinkles.

Sunburn Cream.

Warmly to be recommended for use during the holidays is a new sunburn cream; it is non-tinted, and as a consequence is an ideal base for colouring and powder. The sun is powerless to inflict any injury on the skin that is protected by it. Nor are powders forgotten

ORDINARY
OR
HIGH BAKED



JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS

The only water biscuit with the true nutty flavour.

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream.

Loose in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets, or 1/3, 2/- and 2/5 tins.

W. & R. JACOB & COMPANY, LTD.



Nature's Bulwark against Rheumatism

THE best medical authority affirms that the acid formations which cause rheumatic conditions can be successfully broken up and eliminated if taken in time.

Vichy-Célestins Natural Mineral Water is Nature's own antidote against rheumatic tendencies in the system. Its tonic and mildly stimulating properties ward off the pains and penalties of rheumatism.

Drink Vichy-Célestins regularly at meals and at any other period of the day.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

Obtainable everywhere.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents*:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road,
London, S.E.1.

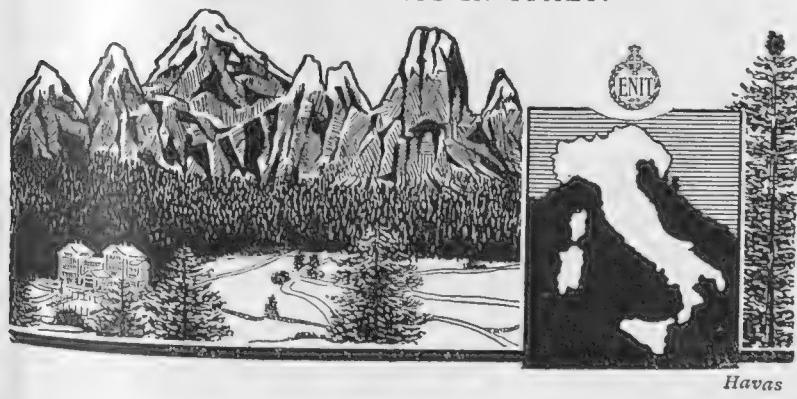


ITALY

THE
GREAT HOLIDAY COUNTRY
ALPINE, DOLOMITE, LAKE
and SEASIDE RESORTS.
COOL IN SUMMER.
CHEAP HOTELS, RAILWAY
and MOTOR FARES.
ALL SPORTS.

NO State Taxes—NO Restrictions.

Ask any of the principal Tourist Agents
for the publication: "INEXPENSIVE
SUMMER HOLIDAYS IN ITALY."



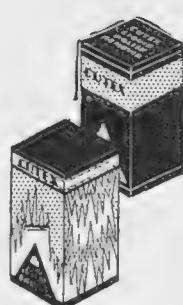
Evelyn Laye

BEAUTY EXPERT OF THE "DAILY SKETCH"—

says



"Finger nails look
so fascinating...kept
sparkling...this way"



"IT'S the smart thing nowadays to have sparkling finger nails," says Evelyn Laye, beauty expert of the "Daily Sketch." "They're so fascinating, and so easy to have—just by using the lovely Cutex Liquid Polish. It spreads on so smoothly, and one application lasts for days!"

Cutex Liquid Polish is as practical as it is smart—just consider its advantages . . .

1. Its brilliant lustre is unmatched.
2. It spreads on smoothly and evenly.
3. It dries in 30 seconds.
4. It never cracks or peels or turns brown.
5. It lasts undimmed for a week.

But before the polish is applied, your nail-rims must be trim, your nail-tips spotless—and Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser does both these things for you admirably.

CUTEX Liquid Polish

Marrying Abroad. Some time in August, Mr. J. J. Tawney, Administrative Service, Tanganyika, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tawney of Oxford, is marrying Miss M. E. Gee, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gee of Uplands, Rothley, Leicestershire, and the marriage is to take place in Dar-es-Salaam.

Next Month.

On July 3, Mr. Adrian Evan Spicer and Miss Esther Mason are being married at St. Columba's, Pont Street; on the next day, Captain Cedric Robert Kyffin Crossfield, Indian Army (retired), marries Miss Rose Gaskell Evans at St. Mark's Church, Torquay; the 9th is the date fixed for the wedding of Captain John Maxse, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Dorinda Thorne, which is to be at Chelsea Old Church, Cheyne Walk; another July wedding is that between Flight-Lieutenant John B. H. Rogers, Royal Air Force, and Miss Joan Monypenny; Mr. Gerald Arthur Fitzwilliam Gillmor and Miss Mildred Mary Seaby are to be married at St. Giles' Church, Reading, on the 18th; and on the 25th, Mr. Geoffrey Smallwood and Miss Violet Berens are being married at the Parish Church, St. Mary Cray.

* * * * *

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Reginald Loftus Tottenham, Gold Coast Police, the son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Tottenham of Coleraine, Ireland, and Miss Nysalie Pearce, the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. J. F. Pearce, Dean Lodge, Basingstoke;



MISS DIANA HENDERSON

The daughter of the Hon. Arnold and Mrs. Henderson of Writtle Park, Chelmsford, Essex, who is to marry Mr. David Forbes, Coldstream Guards, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forbes of Callendar, on July 2

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. GERALD MILLARD

Who were married recently. Mr. Gerald Millard is the well-known tennis player, and his wife was Miss Nancy Barnett, the young actress who appeared in "Wake Up and Dream," "Bitter Sweet," and other Cochran productions



MISS PATRICIA SMILEY

Whose engagement was announced this month to Mr. Rupert Tollemache, the younger son of the Hon. Douglas and Mrs. Tollemache. She is the daughter of the late Sir John Smiley, Bart., and Lady Smiley

the Rev. Prebendary S. R. Carden, M.A., H.C.F., vicar of St. Mary Church, Torquay, and Miss Betty Jeanette Marks, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. S. Marks of 12, Inverness Terrace, W.; Mr. Robert Joyce Dickinson, eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Dickinson and Mrs. Robert Dickinson of Styford Hall, Stocksfield-on-Tyne, and Miss Alice Penelope Barnett, the only daughter of the late Major William Barnett, 60th Rifles, and Mrs. William Barnett of Lincoln Hill, Humshaugh; Mr. Robert Dundas Sellon, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Percy

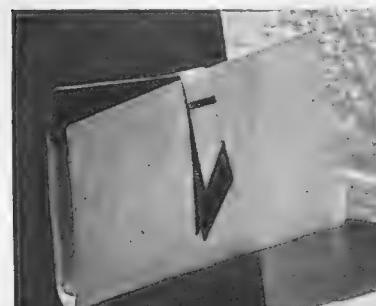
Sellon and Mrs. Sellon of Albury Edge, Merstham, and Miss Joan Renny, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. S. Renny of Whinrood, Fleet; Mr. Charles Gordon Neild Collis, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Neild Collis of Hampton Lodge, near Stourbridge, and Miss Rosemary Elizabeth Wilson, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wilson of Rudge Hall, Shropshire; Lieutenant John Bonfay Rooper, Royal Navy, the only son of Mr. Plumer Rooper of Overton Bridge, near Wrexham, and Miss Ann Campbell, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell of Deeside, Bangor-on-Dee, Wrexham; Lieut.-Commander Maxwell Cunningham, Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Excellent*, only son of Major T. L. Cunningham, D.S.O., and Mrs. Cunningham of Morris Farm, Piltdown, Sussex, and Miss Elsie Veronica Havelock Groves, the daughter of the late Mr. J. Havelock Groves and Mrs. J. Havelock Groves.

Hardly in Paris—and certainly not elsewhere in London—will you find such smart bags and bag-scarf-handkerchief sets as in Fortnum & Mason's Gift Department. Here we show you bags and scarves in regimental colours—£2. 15. 0. And just look at the gay foulard model—isn't it jolly? Only £3. 7. 6. the set! Remember! Our telephone number is Regent 8040.

FORTNUM AND MASON Gift Department. 182 Piccadilly W1

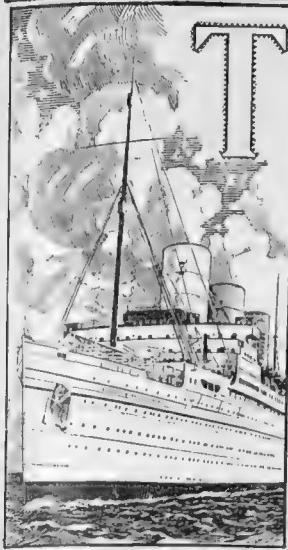


The newest thing in loomed leather, lovely to the touch—one of many you must see when you call £4. 2. 6



A bag in white crocodile-trimmed with black calf—£6. 12. 6

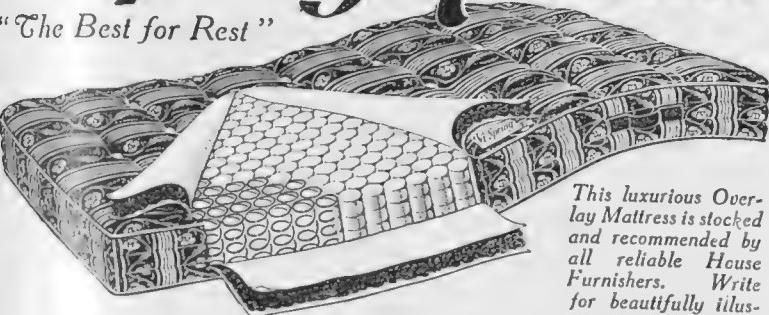




Those who sleep on a "Vi-Spring" will fully appreciate why the magnificent new liner 'Empress of Britain' is equipped with one thousand nine hundred of these luxurious mattresses

Vi-Spring Mattress

"The Best for Rest"



This luxurious Overlay Mattress is stocked and recommended by all reliable House Furnishers. Write for beautifully illustrated catalogue sent post free on request.

41, VI-SPRING WORKS, VICTORIA ROAD,
WILLESDEN JUNCTION, LONDON, N.W.10

Vi-Spring Products Ltd.

FOR THE GENTLEWOMAN



MAYFLOWA SHOES

No. 0782.—A quiet yet striking effect, in Zulu Glacé—self fixed bow—Gusset under strap. Also in Black Antelope Calf—**38/-**
Patent Bow. Postage 6d.

Convenient West End Addresses :

324, OXFORD ST. 255, OXFORD ST.
(Next to D. H. Evans). (Next to Jay's).
82, REGENT ST. (Opp. Piccadilly Hotel).
98, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET
(Opp. Derry & Toms).
131, QUEEN'S RD., BAYSWATER W.2
(Opposite Whiteleys).
85, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD,
S.W.1

By the House of
ABBOTT



Orange is one of the fiercest and most excitable of colours. It gives life where there was dullness, cheer where there was gloom, it is the stimulant of the Decorating World and used with discretion it will enliven a room almost beyond recognition.

Try Orange Velure Enamel in flat or gloss when next you re-decorate; it will have a gay and brilliant influence on your colour scheme. All Velure Enamels look and wear exceptionally well and are well known to your Decorator.

Plan your next Decorative Colour Scheme with the aid of the Velure Colour Harmony Chart. Send 6d. in stamps for this fascinating invention.

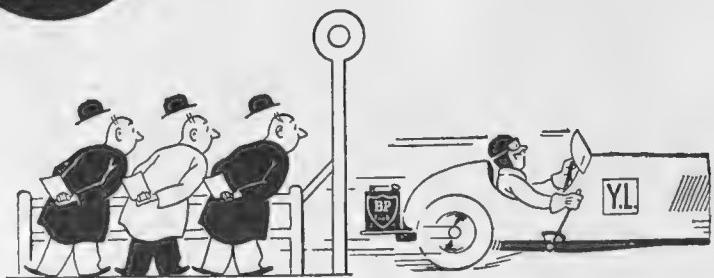
with Orange

Velure ENAMEL

C. CHANCELLOR & CO. LTD.

Proprietors: Jenson & Nicholson, Ltd.
GOSWELL WORKS, STRATFORD, E.15





Young Lochinvar has won out in the Test.



**Said all the wise judges
"His run was the best—**



**He was first off the mark
and led all the way:**



Plus is the secret—we'll buy some to-day"

**The blue 'BP' plus
definitely ensures—
instant starting +
amazing acceleration + more M.P.G
+ fullest power +
wonderful hill-climbing + freedom
from pinking**



**ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.
BRITISH PETROLEUM CO. LTD., BRITANNIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, EC2
DISTRIBUTING ORGANIZATION**

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 538

for the nonce. It is possible that they will once more enter the arena. That is on the lap of the gods, of whom I assume that Woolf Barnato is one, seeing that he is easily the champion in road and track events up to date. The answer to Sir Malcolm's implied question is easy enough. Most British car manufacturers are trying to expand their trade, and to reduce our income tax thereby, by taking a line which is diametrically opposed to the building of racing cars. I confess that I cannot for the life of me see why Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Hillman, Humber, Armstrong-Siddeley, Daimler, Standard, Singer, and Morris should go in for racing on the full scale, simply because an Italian car has come home first in a contest. I am content to feel that they know their own business best.

* * * *

True Story.

History repeats itself. For this is very nearly a repetition of something that happened years ago. Pal o' mine, predatory like myself, found a glorious pitch for a Sabbath picnic in the "rhododendron country." It was easy enough gathering, and about tea-time he wandered back to the car with a magnificent capture. You know—nearly all the blooms just buds that come out so well when they are put in big bowls. Well, he was just going to stuff this unearned increment into the back part of his saloon, when up came a most official-looking man who wanted to know all about what was going on. This pal o' mine is a lawyer, and, of course, well knew that his *locus standi* was

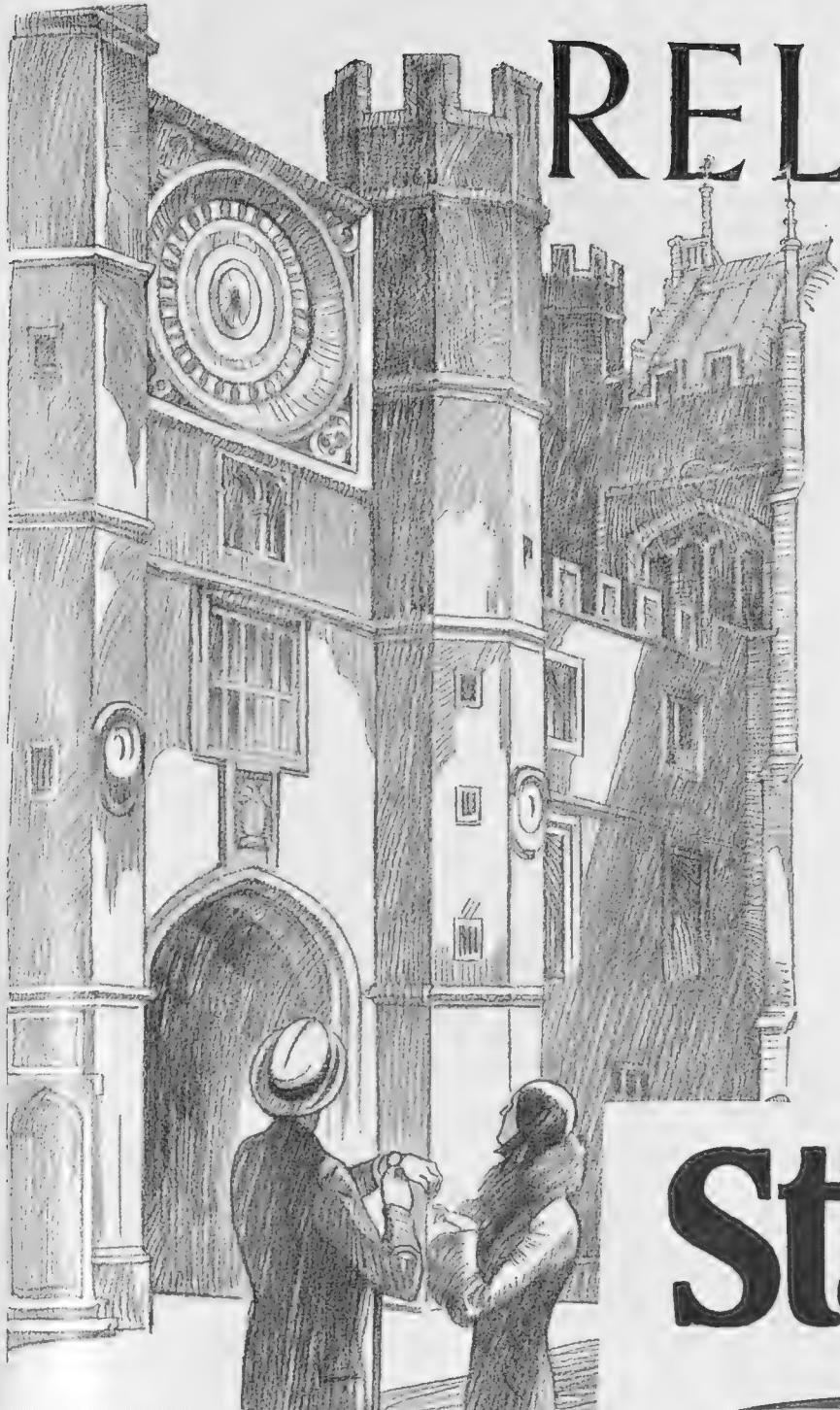


THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

A group of the stewards and others at the Duke of York's Barracks, Chelsea. The names are Major F. A. M. Browning (Grenadier Guards), Mr. Welchman, Mr. Hennessy (Grenadier Guards), and Captain Smith (Grenadier Guards)

not only questionable but positively non-existent. Amongst other things, his car was far more than 15 yards from the road. So the official set him right on this point, warned him terribly about consequences, bagged all his "rhodies," and at once attacked another party close by. This official had a car. Warning them that he was going to bring a policeman along to deal with the situation, he took all the spoils of several picnic parties, together with their names and addresses, and buzzed off with the entire caboodle. My pal is an old campaigner. We need not analyse the thoughts that passed through his mind—let us charitably suppose that he wanted to make his Kensington flat look really gay. He started gathering again. Hugging about a hundredweight of rhododendron stalks he walked slap into the arms of a veritable "Colonel Dabney"—the true and only owner of the estate! The ructions lasted about ten minutes. The true story was told, and innocence (if you can call it so) achieved its object. "Dabney" said, "You've broken the bushes, so you may as well take what you've got. But next time I shall come round with a gun." This pal o' mine says it is all wrong. He says he will go to Moss Bros. and get a uniform, supported by which he will let all fellow-picnickers gather the blossoms, and then he will go round and collect them.

RELIABILITY



HAMPTON COURT
SUN CLOCK
A notable example of time
recording that secured from
Nature the essential virtue
of reliability.

REliability is not a showy quality, but it is one which a man requires most in a friend or a car—anything which he expects to serve him unfailingly.

If, in time of strain, the friend or car fails him, he can never repose his trust in them again in the same measure.

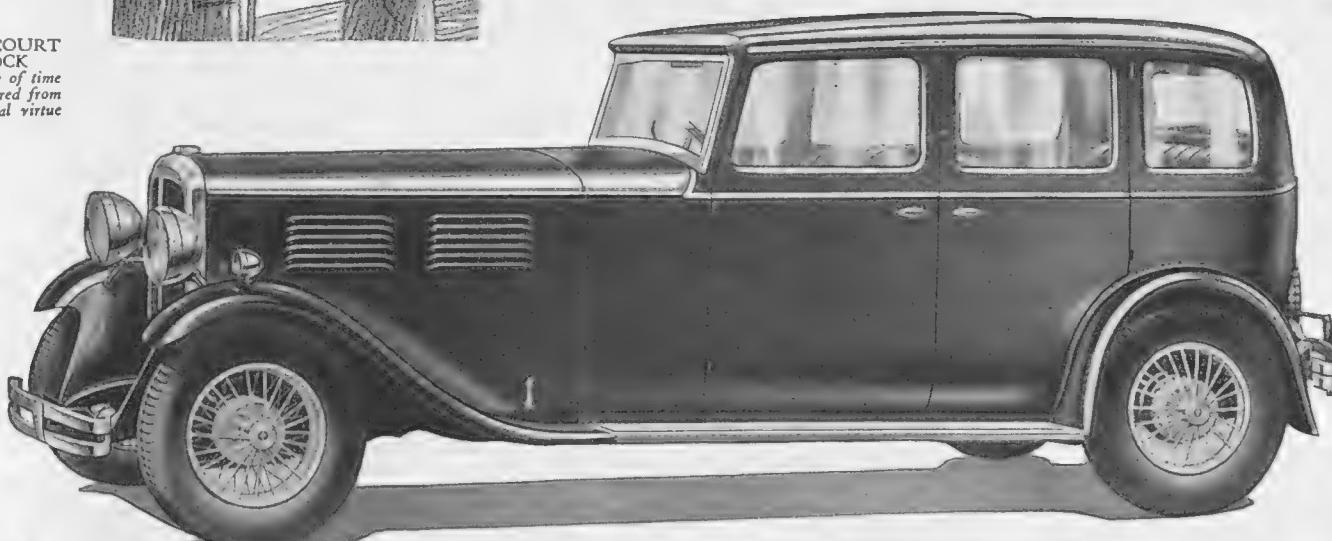
Thus, a chain being no stronger than its weakest link, a friend must never waver in loyalty : the most inconspicuous part of a car must be flawless.

That is perhaps the secret of the popularity of the Standard—*Reliability*.

Every adjective in the dictionary has been overworked in the motor-car advertisement—"reliable" perhaps most of all.

Standard cars, because of the intense care taken in the selection of detail and the making of every part, whether hidden from view or not, are of necessity reliable ; every part and unit of the car is inspected and tested. That is why your car should be a Standard.

All-British Standard



Models for 1931

"ENVOY"
Six Cylinder Half-Panelled Saloon
£385

"ENSIGN" SIX
Six Cylinder Saloons—as illustrated
£245 £275 £285

"BIG NINE"
Four Cylinder Saloons
From £195—£255



THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

Appleby
MR. W. E. BULLOCK

Managing-director of Singer and Co., Ltd., who controls the destinies of 8,000 employees on his own payroll and 2,000 others solely engaged on Singer work elsewhere. His son, Mr. Will Bullock, Jun., is general manager of the company. He has just been presented with a son, who we understand will be the third "Will" in the family. Undoubtedly this new "Junior" will prove as popular as its namesake

which will be in telephone communication with the arena, and by means of which the flow of traffic to Aldershot can be controlled. Notice boards indicating that all accommodation has been filled, and that only ticket holders should proceed, will be available at certain of these points on the main road radiating from the arena, the notices being displayed by the R.A.C. staff on receiving the requisite telephonic

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The Aldershot Tattoo is this year held on Saturday, June 13, and from Tuesday, June 16, to Saturday, June 20. The additional performance on the first Saturday was necessitated this year by the ever-increasing popularity of the Tattoo, coupled with the fact that a very large number of its patrons can conveniently attend only on a Saturday. The R.A.C. will, for the ninth successive year, be responsible for the parking arrangements, and for this purpose will assemble, at Rushmoor Arena, some 240 men. This is probably the largest parking staff ever employed at any function where motorists gather and, of the above number, some 50 per cent. will be quartered for the Tattoo period under canvas; a special camp with its necessary attendant messing arrangements being organized in conjunction with the Tattoo committee. To reinforce these a large body of specially trained parking guides will be conveyed to and from Aldershot by motor-coach daily.

In addition to the force of guides required for actual parking duties the R.A.C. will also staff a ring of traffic-control points, within a certain radius of the tattoo ground, a man will be in telephone communication with the arena, and by means of which the flow of traffic to Aldershot can be controlled. Notice boards indicating that all accommodation has been filled, and that only ticket holders should proceed, will be available at certain of these points on the main road radiating from the arena, the notices being displayed by the R.A.C. staff on receiving the requisite telephonic

instructions. On these roads, also, the R.A.C. is erecting many hundreds of signs, illuminated and otherwise, indicating to drivers of vehicles the correct routes to the various parks, and for the return journey to their destination. On arrival of a car or motor-coach at its appointed park, all passengers will be supplied with "Location Slips" indicating exactly where the vehicle has been parked so that it may be located with a minimum of delay after the performance. Parking badges may be obtained from the Tattoo Box Office, all agents, and the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

It is surprising how our motor manufacturers neglect foreign motor exhibitions. Rolls-Royce is one of the few organizations which realize their value, and although their position is consolidated all over the world they exhibit at more shows than any other company. In the seven months following the Paris show they appeared at no less than nine international exhibitions, namely, Amsterdam, Milan, Berlin, Sydney, Paris, Geneva, Prague, Brussels, and Buenos Aires. The arrangements of many of the shows are not so elaborate as Olympia. The exhibition building at Delhi one year was an affair of canvas and laths which caught fire, and although the manager's hat was lost in the flames, the Rolls-Royce staff on the spot managed to push the cars to safety just in time. But these shows bring business. Paris, for example, is more favoured by South American exhibitors than London, while it is usually at Paris that the Maharajah of Kashmir, who owns ten Rolls-Royce, makes his purchases. British manufacturers who wish to capture foreign trade will have to do like Rolls-Royce and send their cars abroad.

Steadfast
MR. E. M. C. INSTONE

Who has just been elected President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Mr. Instone is one of the pioneers of the industry, having been associated with the Daimler Company for many years, and is now director of Stratton Instone, Ltd., of Pall Mall

Warwick Wright Says

**"CALL THAT A HORN?
I MAKE MORE NOISE
EVERY TIME I
CHANGE GEAR."**



This was the claim of a customer who was resisting the efforts of a salesman to sell him a new type electric horn.

It is obvious that he must withdraw his claim the first time he tries the

**ARMSTRONG
SIDDELEY**

with its self-changing gear.

Flick the trigger on the steering wheel, and you will effect a silent change—up or down—at any speed, no skill or experience is necessary.

There are some delightful body styles in these Armstrong Siddeleys, which you can own

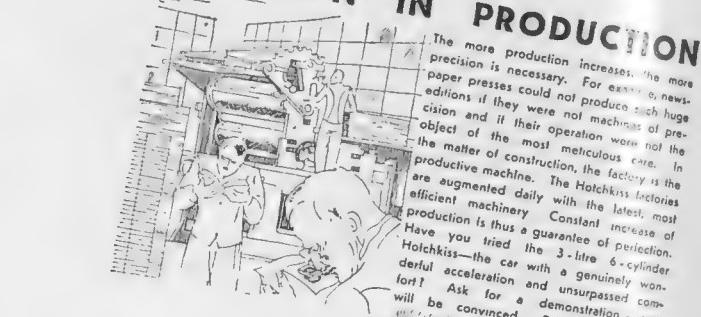
from £250

Warwick Wright

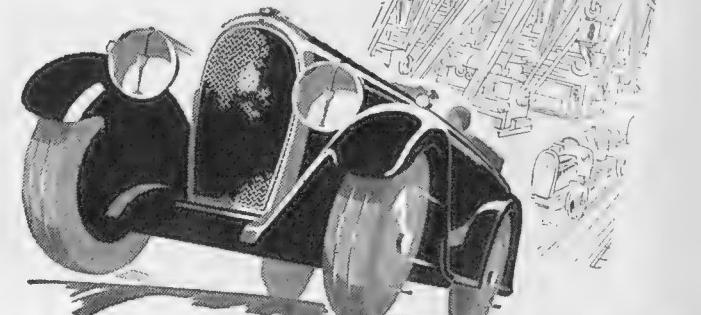
150, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

Woodwright

PRECISION IN PRODUCTION



The more production increases, the more precision is necessary. For example, news-editions if they were not machines of precision and if their operation were not the object of the most meticulous care. In the matter of construction, the factory is the productive machine. The Hotchkiss factory is augmented daily with the latest, most efficient machinery. Constant increase of production is thus a guarantee of perfection. Have you tried the 3-litre 6-cylinder Hotchkiss—the car with a genuinely wonderful acceleration and unsurpassed comfort? Ask for a demonstration—you will be convinced. Prices from £550.



HOTCHKISS

MANUFACTURERS OF SIX-CYLINDER CARS SINCE 1905

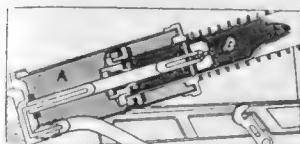
London Showrooms & Service Station: 64/70 VAUXHALL BRIDGE RD., S.W.1
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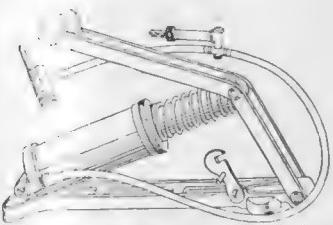
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The North British ball is white before it is painted.

Cut it and you will find that its cover is of white balata. Even if it lost its paint easily, it would still keep a good colour. In view of the fact that the unusual durability and close adhesion of the paint on the North British have long been recognised and praised by discerning golfers, it might seem unnecessary to take this extra precaution. But in the North British, nothing is left to chance. That is why it is such a very good ball.



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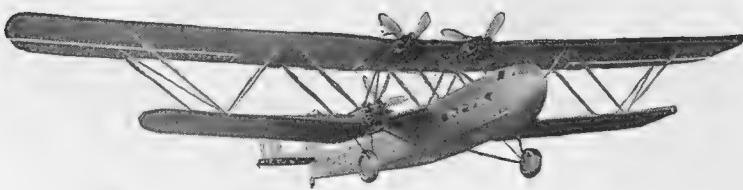
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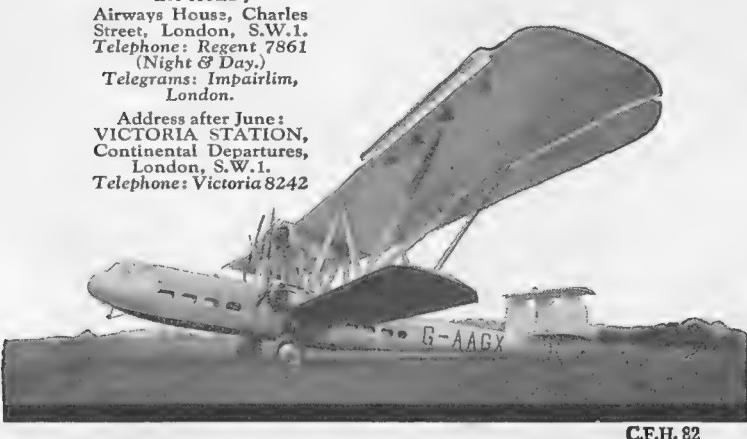
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C.F.H. 82

Air Eddies—continued from p. 516

It is true to say that these new flying-boats and aeroplanes of Imperial Airways are so far ahead of any previous air vehicles in the matter of accommodation that they put an altogether new complexion on passenger flying. In the cabins the passengers may stroll about without crouching, and there is plenty of light from the large windows along each side. The absence of a plane below window level in both the 42's and the flying-boats gives an unobstructed view of the ground. Then there is the absence of noise, the Bristol super-charged engines being so mounted that no passengers are in the planes of their air-screws. The absence of vibration and noise in these machines is really astonishing to one used to the older types. With these machines in service I cannot imagine anyone who values his comfort ever travelling by any other means than by air.

* * *

Maps for All.

A good map is as entertaining as a good book for those who know how to read it. The Raynoil people are specialists in air maps and know what the pilot wants and how to mark out a track and to indicate aerodromes, prohibited areas, and useful land-marks so that flying across country is facilitated. Many private owners are using Raynoil maps, and Imperial Airways, Ltd., have adopted them as standard, the routes being neatly laid out in sections mounted in a kind of loose-leaf cover. The sections themselves are built up on the Raynoil process in which the two pieces of map are mounted, back to back, and sealed in a transparent composition which is virtually indestructible and which permits tracks to be drawn out and notes to be made on its surface in grease pencil.

For the private aeroplane owner there

is a complete set of maps (four miles to the inch Ordnance Survey, Cassini projection) for the whole of the United Kingdom. They are cut up in sections and mounted in this composition with filing tabs on one corner and a key on the cover. The sections are of convenient size for putting in the ordinary light aeroplane map box. On one side all the sections are devoted to the northern half of the country; on the other side they are devoted to the southern half, the letters N and S showing which is which. I believe the price for the complete set is about £5 5s, and uncles and aunts should note that the set forms the ideal birthday or unbirthday present.

* * *

Heston Spring Cruise.

Nine machines started on the Heston Spring Cruise and it proved a great success and confirmed the view that France, with its comfortable inns, wonderful cooking, and noble wines, is the perfect air-touring ground. The pilots who took part in the cruise were Mr. H. N. St. V. Norman, Mrs. G. Vereker, Miss F. Crossley, Miss A. Barton, Mr. S. Davenport, Mr. Downes-Shaw, the Hon. L. O. Russell, Mr. R. Faudle, and Mr. N. B. Fuller. The passengers were Mrs. Norman, Mr. G. Vereker, Mr. Bamber, Mr. Graham Dawbarn, Mr. Madle (an Airwork mechanic), Mr. Roskell, and Mr. Blackwood.

The further following results have come to hand regarding our Flying Competition:—

**THE SOUTHERN AERO CLUB—
WINNER: N. P. Anscombe, Esq., Warwick Road, Coulsdon, Surrey.**

**BERKS, BUCKS AND OXON AERO CLUB—
WINNER: Captain R. Heard, R.A. Mess, Deepcut Camp, Aldershot, Hants.**

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AERO CLUB—
WINNER: Mr. Neville Pledger, "Eltekon," Empingham Road, Stamford.**

**BRISTOL AND WESSEX AERO PLANE CLUB, LTD.—
WINNER: Mr. K. B. Lalonde, Carlton Mansions, Richmond Park Road, Clifton, Bristol.**

**CINQUE PORTS FLYING CLUB,
LTD.—
WINNER: Mr. A. J. S. Morris, of the Westminster Bank, Cranbrook.**

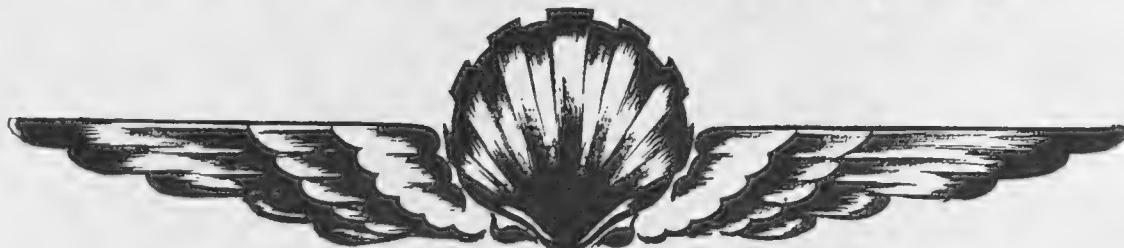
Results from other flying schools will be announced as received



MRS. Z. KENDALL
ANOTHER "TATLER"
ENTRANT

Also snapshotted at Leicester the other day at "The Tatler" flying competition. "The Tatler" flying scheme is accomplishing all that it set out to do, and is having a tremendous success

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A specialized oil for aero engines

AeroShell is not a general purpose lubricant adjusted for aero work. It is a completely new oil prepared by new and quite exclusive methods to meet the specially severe demands made by high-power air-cooled engines, and as such is the finest and most advanced product of its kind in the world.

AeroShell is the outcome of long tests and repeated consultations with the leading aero engine makers. A mineral base oil, and so efficient that one of the leading air-cooled engine makers inform us that they find it compares favourably with pure Castor Oil. But although as efficient as the finest vegetable oil, AeroShell has none of a vegetable oil's well-known defects, such as heavy carbon deposit and gumming.

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QUITE NEW and QUITE EXCLUSIVE!

SPRING AIR CRUISING TO THE CONTINENT

"I say, old fellow, you've got a corner for the tools, haven't you?" "For Heaven's sake, dear, don't let that man photograph me with these dreadful trousers on!" "If I take a single thing more, I'm absolutely certain that we shan't get off the ground!" "Yes, I do wish you were coming too, my dear. . . . I know it's going to be marvellous fun." "I say, old boy, you might give me the compass bearing to Douai, will you?"

Remarks like these shot backwards and forwards across the "Tarmac" at Heston, and were frequently drowned by the roar of an engine being "run up." Little groups of friends, journalists, and photographers ran up and down the long line of aeroplanes, and over all was an air of subdued excitement. It was the start of the Heston Whitsun cruise, and no fewer than eight machines were about to set off on a holiday tour of the wine districts of France. Our friends had mostly been rather rude about it. "Sounds like a glorious pub-crawl," they said, "but thank goodness I'm not going as your passenger."

All the machines were flying independently, that is to say that each pilot was responsible for finding, or failing to find, his own way. The party consisted of six ordinary Moths and two Puss Moths or "Fuss" Moths, as an intelligent French journalist described them later in the tour. Three of the former were piloted by members of the pre-eminently air-minded sex—Miss Delia Crossley and Miss Adela Crossley both flying alone, and Mrs. Gordon Vereker, whose perfectly-disciplined husband occupied her passenger seat. On the other hand, Mrs. Nigel Norman was content to be flown by her husband, and sat with luggage piled all round her in the back seat of his Puss. Indeed, we all took plenty of clothes, as we wanted, when on the ground, to look as unlike aviators as possible. Some of the ladies of the party, in fact, were able to appear on all occasions in gowns which would have done no small credit to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. We must rather draw a veil over the lady who, not having learnt cunning on the first day, was unable for reasons of modesty to remove her Sidcote suit for luncheon. We took off from Heston at ten o'clock, and the remaining machines left soon afterwards.

Everybody enjoyed the trip over the channel. It was a glorious day, and after circling the sheds at Lympne, and receiving the flashing light signal in acknowledgment, we set our nose upwards, and climbed to a good 7,000 ft. We then began to have time to look about us. Far below Folkestone looked very neat and compact, and there seemed not a single ripple upon the water. We saw a few boats of infinitesimal size, apparently not moving at all, and we felt sorry for all those down below on a day like that. In the distance was a long hazy blue line, which was France. Twelve minutes later we were looking down on Cap Gris Nez, and shortly afterwards were repeating the circling process over St. Inglevert. Then we headed straight for Douai—wind against us, worse luck—but still, an hour or so later we saw the hangars standing up unmistakably in the distance. One circuit, a glimpse of cars and aeroplanes parked in neat rows, a gentle glide, the very slightest of bumps, and we landed on French soil exactly 2 hr. 40 min. after leaving Heston.

We taxi up towards the Customs shed. As we switch off, M. Jacques Breguet, the President of the Aero Club du Nord, and a whole crowd of charming people come forward to welcome us. We hand over our log-book—that will be stamped and returned to us before we leave—and make our way to the main hangar, where a most delicious picnic lunch awaits us. Here we find Wing-Commander Bone, our Air Attaché at Paris, who has flown up specially to meet us, and also Mr. Fuller of the French "B.P." Company, whose admirable organization for the supply not only of petrol, but also of anything else we wanted, never failed once throughout the tour. He had arrived in his French Moth, built under licence by the Morane Company, and piloted by the genial M. Robyn, who is reputed to have flown a greater number of hours than any other pilot in France.

As a matter of fact the reception at Douai was typical of the hospitality and kindness which we met all over France. To our great surprise indeed we found a large party, complete with *vin d'honneur*, awaiting us at practically every aerodrome we landed at.

From Douai we headed for Rheims. We flew at about three thousand to avoid the

(Continued on p. xxiv)



SPRING CRUISERS AT HESTON

Some of Mr. Norman's party at Heston Air Park after their Spring cruise to the Riviera. In the group are: Mr. Paul Bamber, Miss Delia Crossley, and Mrs. Nigel Norman. Eight aeroplanes in all took part, and a thoroughly good time everybody had

Lido Venice

You have dreamed of a perfect holiday. Of long sunny days and starlit nights. Of perfect conventional garb—and under blue skies.

You have dreamed then of the Lido.

Tennis Tournaments, new Golf course, Festivals, Motor-boat races.

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GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS
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PENSION DELLA SPIAGGIA**

Information and literature through all Travel Agencies and the COMPAGNIA ITALIANA DEI GRANDI ALBERGHI, Venice.

'What—ME fly? Why, I can't even drive a car'

'Many a good pilot said
that when he first started'

SAYS CAPTAIN MAX FINDLAY

The amazing thing about flying is that it looks so difficult yet it is so easy. Lots of NFS pupils are flying by themselves after only eight hours' teaching. There's nothing worrying or complicated about learning. You have one set of controls, your instructor has another. You can feel exactly what he does. He's always there, watchful and ready to take charge, talking to you all the time. Quickly you gain confidence and skill. And sooner than you think possible, you're flying—by yourself. Climbing into an NFS machine on a blue and gold summer morning. Taking off. Seeing the long shadows of the Hanworth elms sink away—and heading off to Reading or to Nottingham or to one of the other NFS clubs. Come to Hanworth any time you like. Let Captain Findlay show you how quickly, **how cheaply**, we can teach you to fly. Come and see how NFS machines are inspected and certified perfect every day before they are allowed to go up. Come and see the magnificent clubhouse. Come and fly with NFS!



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Spring Air Cruising to the Continent

(Continued from p. xxii)

bumps, and had a pleasant journey of little more than an hour. We reflected on how much easier it is to find one's way in France than in England owing to the bigger and more distinctive features of the countryside. We landed, and learnt from those of the party who had already arrived that news had come through that Miss Barton had *capoté*. Nobody knew exactly what had happened, but eventually a rescue party set off by car including our efficient ground engineer. We learnt afterwards that Miss Barton had lost her way, and after landing to find out her position had swung her propeller with the throttle open. The machine ran away, and turned on its back before she could catch it. After much discussion it was decided to send the damaged machine back to England by rail, so poor Miss Barton was unable to take any further part in the tour, and we were all very sorry for her.—The next day we took off for Beaune. The weather was good, but there was a strong head-wind, and it was rather bumpy. Some of us thought we would break the journey half-way and refuel at Chatillon. Here we were unfortunately not expected, and the sight of so many aeroplanes at once was more than the caretaker of the aerodrome could cope with. We had a very long wait while he summoned reinforcements, but we got our petrol at last, and eventually reached Beaune about a quarter to two. Here we found no ordinary lunch awaiting us, followed by a most interesting *dégustation* of Burgundy in the cellars of M. Chevillot. We recovered from our stupor about six o'clock, and returned to the aerodrome, where we gave some of our hosts their first experience of flying.

One of the party also gave a demonstration of the efficient manner in which the Puss Moth takes off down-wind!

The next stage to Lyons took us well under the hour, and we all arrived within a few minutes of each other. We were much impressed by the modern aerodrome buildings, the lay-out of which appears to have been modelled on our own Heston.

The next day we had a delightful flight along the valley of the Rhône to Marignane, the aerodrome for Marseilles, where we were met and entertained amongst others by the captain of the French Schneider Cup team.

Some of the party were rather late in arriving, as Miss Crossley's engine had completely given out about twenty miles south of Lyons. She had managed, however, to make a very creditable forced landing on the



AT THE CINQUE PORTS FLYING CLUB

A group of "Tatler" competitors at the aerodrome. The names, left to right, are: Mr. P. W. Marriage ("A" licence), Mr. A. J. S. Morris (the winner), Mr. H. J. Searle ("A" licence), and Mr. Ingram. Mr. Morris, it will be recalled, was struck on the head by a stone and knocked unconscious while riding as mechanic in Mr. Searle's

Austin Seven in the recent double-twelve-hour race

emergency aerodrome at St. Rambert, and came on eventually in the spare seat of one of the Puss Moths. By means of some very prompt staff work a new engine was despatched from London by Imperial Airways, and Miss Crossley was able to complete the tour with us in her own machine. In the evening we flew over the mountains to Cannes, and sampled M. Edouard Bret's new aerodrome there. It is already very good and when completed will be excellent. M. Bret had flown over himself to meet us at Marignane and had told us exactly where it was situated. We found it very hard indeed to tear ourselves away the next morning, and in fact were only persuaded to do so by the promise of wonderful things in store at Avignon. In these we were not a bit disappointed. All the young ladies of the town were at the aerodrome dressed in their traditional *contadine* costume. They looked very charming, but it seemed rather incongruous when they jumped into the most up-to-date cars and drove us most efficiently through the triumphal arch erected in our honour and down to the town for lunch.

After lunch we were shown the Palais des Papes from the ground and we, in return, gave our *contadines* a view of it from the air. In the cool of the evening we flew on to Nîmes, where next morning we saw one of the most interesting things of the whole tour. This was the delightfully situated model factory where Perrier water is bottled. The owner, Mr. St. John Harmsworth, brother of the late Lord Northcliffe, showed us round himself and we all thought what a good plan it would be if some of our English industrialists and trade unionists could visit it.

The rest of the tour passed off in much the same way, each place providing its own distinctive hospitality and amusements. We visited Carcassonne, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Poitiers, Tours, Orly (Paris), and Le Touquet. One enterprising Puss Moth also made a visit to Biarritz for breakfast, but the strain of such early rising apparently had a detrimental effect upon its navigation. That evening it followed a small stream in mistake for the Loire and did not discover its error until it had nearly reached the German frontier. Fortunately it did in time, and thus another diplomatic incident was narrowly averted. As the rest of the party had been waiting for some two hours at the aerodrome at Tours in various stages of bewilderment, it is not surprising that the pilot and alleged navigator of the errant Puss Moth found their subsequent evening rather an expensive one.

The party eventually reassembled at Heston at half-past eight on a Sunday evening eight days after its departure.

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

BY APPOINTMENT



A suit which costs 12 to 14 gns.
elsewhere costs 9 gns. here

If you are still paying 12 to 14 gns. for a suit you are being unnecessarily extravagant. Bernard Weatherill will make a suit for you of the finest materials, cut and finish for 9 gns. . . . a suit which formerly cost 12 to 14 gns.—and still does elsewhere. Come and see how well we provide for the man who is most exacting in his sartorial requirements.

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Seats booked from 2½ upwards, also Private Boxes—at Olympia (Shepherd's Bush 1526-7-8-9), and at 12, Hanover Square (Mayfair 0593), and usual libraries. 1½ seats sold at entrance.

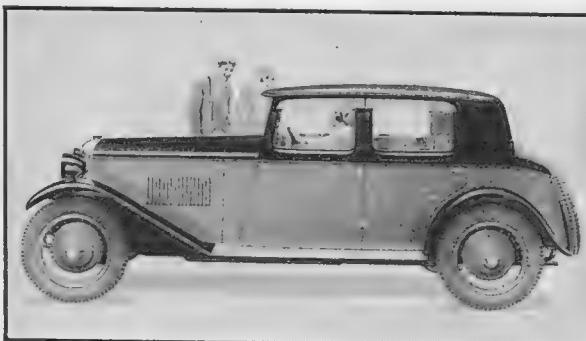
KING GEORGE V GOLD TROPHY—Afternoon, June 22 | PRINCE OF WALES GOLD CUP—Afternoon, June 25.



AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE AT 2 P.M.

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As original as Riley's always are—the "ALPINE SIX"

has set an entirely new standard in motoring—a new standard in efficiency—a new standard in economy and—a new standard in appearance!

To-day is the day of economy—you, in common with thousands of other car purchasers, are searching for a vehicle that will do all that that large and more expensive car could do.

And here it is!

Performance unequalled, comfort not excelled and an economy in upkeep and running costs never before experienced.

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THE CAR FOR TO-DAY— THE DAY OF ECONOMY!

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Illustration is of the half-panel Saloon and there are two other models—Fabric Saloon and Open Tourer—all at £365. And there are, too, the Big Sixes, the Stelvio and Deauville you should ask about.

Ask for
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and
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the

"Riley
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our
monthly
magazine



The Badge of

the Alpine Six

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The curtain has rung down on our Open Show and the applause is over. Now we begin to look forward to our Members' Show, held on November 29, also at Olympia. There is no question of Olympia being either cold or inaccessible, and if each member will determine that she will help to make our Members' Show as good as our Open Show, which it should be, we shall have nothing to fear.

* * *

There are three sides to the dog cult; happy is he or she whose dogs can take their part in all three. First of all there is the friend side—any dog can be this, whatever its origin and appearance, and we all know what their friendship is; secondly, there is the show side, of the deepest interest to students of breeding problems as well as ordinary exhibitors; and finally, there is the working side.

Mrs. Charlesworth fill all these roles. No one who knows her can doubt they are her friends; their bench records show how they fill the second side; and we who have seen her handling them know how they acquitted themselves then, in fact, to her the first and third sides are the chief ones. The photograph is of Noranby Jephtha, best bitch in the Obedience Class at our show. Jephtha has won ten firsts and three champion certificates, also first Ulster Retriever Trials; second, K.C.; fourth, Scottish; fourth, South Counties. Of her last family, four won at field trials, three on the bench also; she is now a full champion, and will retire from the bench. Mrs. Charlesworth has two really good puppies for sale, five months old; they already have been handled and retrieve, and will be



WIRE TERRIER PUPS

The property of Mrs. Bosanquet



GLENCAINIE JENNIFER

The property of Mrs. Madden

good hard workers. She also has a really good dog for sale—she says, "a really reliable gundog, with a first-class nose and delivery"—he has won certificates of merit at trials and also on the bench. In addition there are three good springer pups who should make real workers. These are all genuine dogs bred from working and show parents.

* * *

Terriers of all breeds have a deep hold on the heart of the Briton; in almost all photographs of Englishmen in out of the way places you see the attendant terrier. Among them the fox terrier is one of the most popular, and with reason, as a fox terrier, wire or smooth, can adapt himself to any circumstances and get the best out of life anywhere, in any quarter of the globe, in any climate. He can curl up in the car or sleep under the caravan with

Mrs. Bosanquet's wire pups before, two of them look like making winners. Mrs. Bosanquet also has a most attractive ten-months-old dog for sale which she had kept for show, but he is just too small, house-trained, and a charming companion.

* * *

The scottie not only looks a dog of character, but is one. He is slightly stand off to gushing strangers, but staunch and devoted to those lucky enough to win his affection, which does not waver. We all know Mrs. Madden's scotties. The picture is of Glencannie Jennifer, winner of twenty prizes in the last six months, once reserve to best of all breeds in the show. There will shortly be pups of hers for sale, and Mrs. Madden now has a dog and bitch a year old wishing to start in their own homes, prices moderate.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Ralph Robinson
CH. NORANBY JEPHTHA

The property of Mrs. Charlesworth



Right feeding pure and simple! No mere haphazard choice of biscuits, but wise selection of the scientifically compounded, muscle-making, bone-building cakes that assure healthy puppyhood—

BUFFALO PUPPY CAKES

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An interesting and instructive booklet on "Foods and their uses," Edition No. 18, sent post free on request to:—W. G. Clarke & Sons (1929), Ltd., Thomas St., London, E.14.

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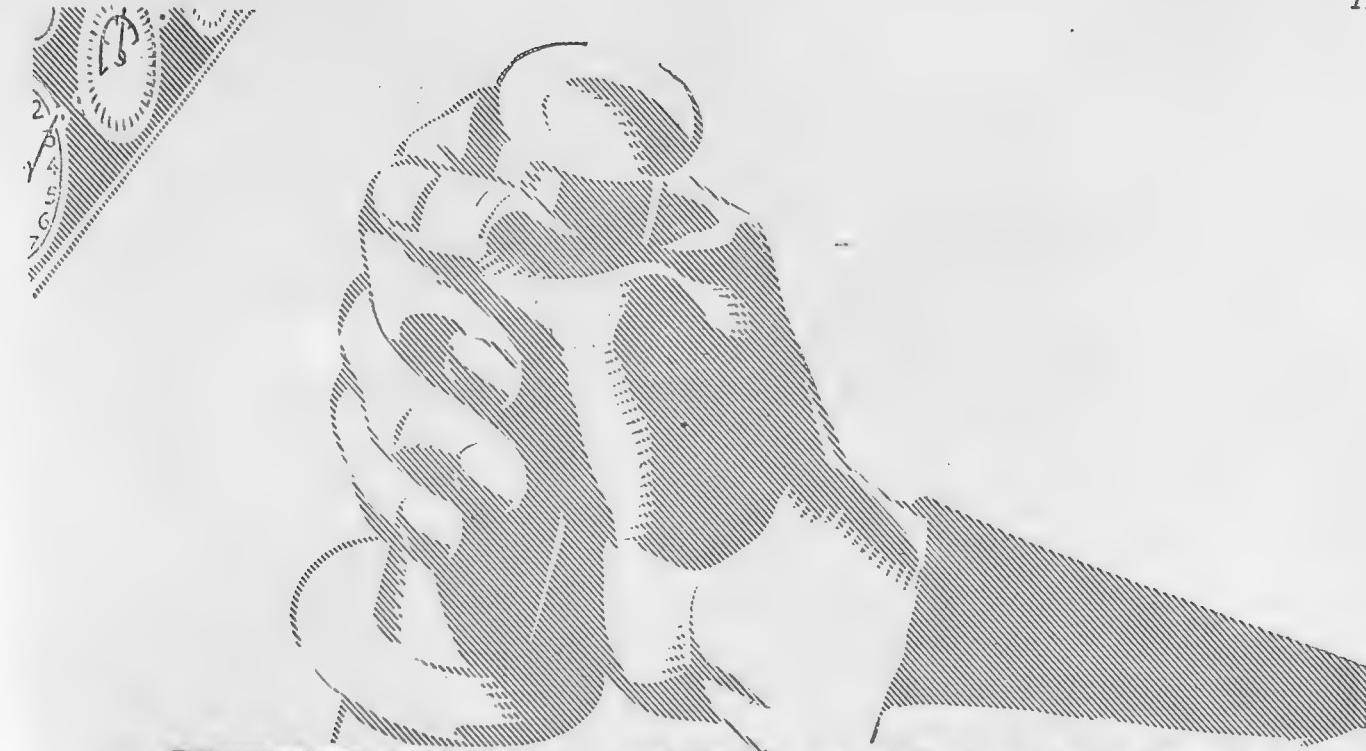
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IRISH WOLF HOUND PUPPIES.

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for £10 to give temporary help to an ex-milliner who is at present in direst poverty with scarcely a shilling left to live on. She has been a milliner all her life, and for the last twenty-three years has had a small business of her own. Owing to the general depression her trade has been growing worse, and she has been obliged to dip into her capital in order to keep going. Now all her savings are spent and she has had to sell up her business and move away. She has just managed to pay all her debts, and she will soon get her Old Age Pension, from which she will be able to pay for a little bed-sitting room, but for the moment she literally has nothing. She is too old for work and her hands are becoming crippled with rheumatism and arthritis, but she hopes to earn a little by renovating hats for some of her old clientele. We want to give her some help till she can get a room and settle down to an altogether different life.

Every day in the year Dr. Barnardo's Homes have to think about food. In order to supply the meals of this large family, which equals a town in size, the Homes are appealing for 400,000 Half-crowns as Birthday Gifts in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo, and to celebrate Founder's Day, June 27, over which the President of the Homes, H.R.H. the Duke of York, will preside. Bread is a large item. 1,600 loaves are baked daily by the lads in the



WITH THE NOTTS YEOMANRY: LORD MORVEN CAVENDISH-BENTINCK AND CAPTAIN OSBERT PEAKE AT CROXTON PARK

A snapshot at Croxton Park, Leicestershire, last week, where the Notts Yeomanry, Sherwood Rangers, are doing their annual training. Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck is a younger son of the Duke of Portland, and Captain Osbert Peake, who was formerly in the Coldstream, married Lady Joan Capell, who is a half-sister of the Earl of Essex

born. Cheques and Orders may be made payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed "Barclays Bank, Ltd., a/c Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and addressed to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The Bishop of London and the following ladies are amongst those who have consented to act as patrons in aid of the John Benn Hostel at the Vaudeville Theatre on June 26: The Duchess of Atholl, the Duchess of Grafton, the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, Viscountess Harcourt, Viscountess Milner, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lady Dawson of Penn, Lady Ebbisham, Lady Richmond, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Goodenough, the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, and Dame Jessie Wilton Phipps.

In Hitchings, 495, Oxford Street, W., advertisement in our issue of June 10, it was stated that the Wilton baby carriage was £10; this is a mistake, it should have been £10 10s. carriage paid to any railway station in Great Britain.

An interesting christening took place recently when the infant son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. R. Macdonald-Buchanan was given his names of James Alexander at Brompton Oratory. The godparents were Lady Mant, for whom Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan stood proxy, and Brig.-General A. J. Turner, Captain Eric Stocks, and Lord Forteviot. Father John Tall officiated.

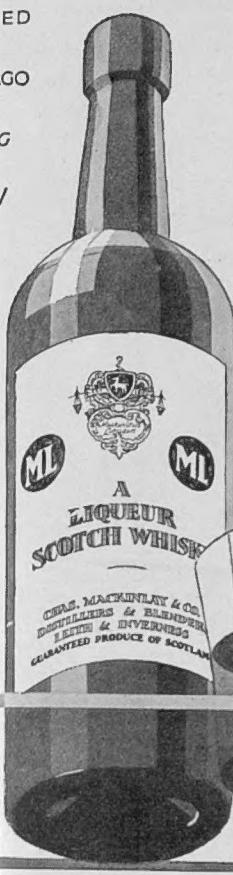
In Gorringe's, of Buckingham Palace Road, advertisement in our issue of June 10, it was stated that the Ruby cardigan and skirt was offered at the usual price, 55s.; the adjective usual is an error, it should have been special.



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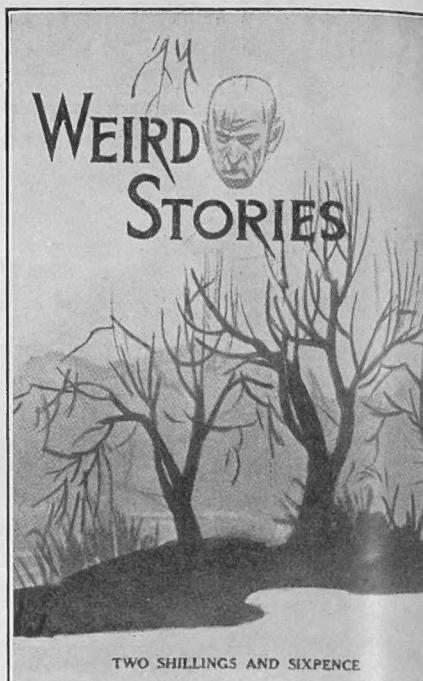
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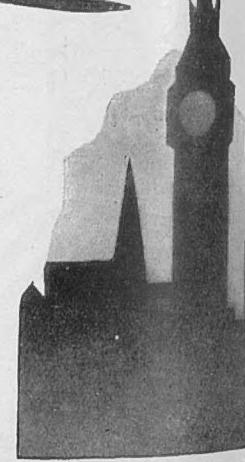
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